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THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

VOL. LI

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

OCTOBER, 1922

FOR CIRCULATION AMONG OURS ONLY

INDEX TO VOLUME LI, 1922

Page

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS 104, 242, 401

BRAHMIN AND HIGH CAST HINDUS, The Conversion of 331

COLLEGES, Students in Our, in the United States and Canada . . . 468, 469

DEAD, List of Our, in the United States and Canada 467

EX INTIMO CORDE—The Editor, Fr. Joseph M. Woods 1

FIFTY YEARS—THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS and Woodstock Press, —Mr. Peter V. Masterson 7

FROM FIELDS AFAR, Letters from Ours 36

FAIRVIEW, The Founding of the New House of Studies 222

GOA, The City of St. Francis Xavier in the Third Centenary of St. Francis' Canonization—Fr. A. Ambruzzi 185

INDIAN MISSIONARY, Recollections of an Old, Fr. John Jutz 361

JOTTINGS FROM INNSBRUCK, Mr. Daniel Bassett 241

LETTER OF THE LATE FR. WILLIAM MCDONOUGH, A 338

LETTER FROM FR. MARK MCNEAL 351

MINISTERIA OF CALIFORNIA PROVINCE 46

MINISTERIA OF MARYLAND-NEW YORK PROVINCE 472

NUMBER OF STUDENTS IN OUR COLLEGES, The (Throughout the World) 72

NEW SCHOLASTICATE AT WESTON, The—Fr. John F. Duston . . . 98

NOTES FROM VIGAN—Fr. J. J. Thompkins 208

NOVITIATE AT MACON DESTROYED BY FIRE—Mr. Thomas Shields . 347

NOVICES' HOSPITAL TRIAL, The—Mr. Francis G. Powers 377

PUBLISHED WORKS OF THE WOODSTOCK PROFESSORS, 1897-1922 —Mr. Aloysius J. Hogan 25

PROGRESS OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, The (Illustrated) 81

POPE PIUS XI, His Election and Coronation—Fr. John G. Hynes . . 369

PHILIPPINE MISSIONARY, The Diary of a—(concluded) —Mr. Henry L. Irwin 386

REMINISCENCES—Fr. Thomas Hughes 177

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN VIGAN, A 213

SOCIAL WORKS, of the Jesuit Fathers in New York from 1860 to 1868 —Fr. H. Du Ranquet (Translated by Fr. Albert Muntsch) 217

SODALITY WORK AT THE ATENEO DE MANILA, Philippine Islands, —Mr. Raymond R. Goggin 356

STATISTICS OF NOVITIATES, SCHOLASTICATES AND TERTIANSHIPS in the United States and Canada 470

LIST OF SUMMER RETREATS for 1922 167

TRANSFER OF ST. INIGOES RESIDENCE, The—Fr. John LaFarge . . 192

OBITUARY

Fr. Francis A. Barnum, 117
Fr. Edward J. Barry, 256
Fr. Walter M. Drum, 122
Fr. Thomas J. Gartland, 405
Fr. John C. Hart, 410
Fr. John B. Kokenge, 252
Fr. Patrick F. MacQuillan, 414
Fr. Joseph A. Mulry, 112
Mr. Henry V. O'Neil, 417
Fr. Dominic Pantanella, 406
Fr. Albert Peters, 131
Fr. John Baptist DeSchryver, 253
Fr. Joseph Zwinge, 111

VARIA

Alaska, 259, 419
Austria, 259
Australia, 135, 259, 421
Baltimore, 262, 422
Belgium, 265, 422
Bohemia, 265, 427
Boston, 136
British Honduras, 422
Buffalo, 266, 426
California Province, 160, 268, 426
Canada, 271
China, 275
Colombia, 275
Cuba, 427
Congo, 139
England, 275, 431
France, 432
Georgetown, 139, 280
Germany, 141, 286, 433
Holland, 286
Home News, 163, 329, 465
Hungary, 143
India, 143, 286, 434
Ireland, 437
Italy, 146
Japan, 438
Malta, 287
Missouri Province, 147, 288, 443
New Orleans Province, 313, 450
New York, 155, 313, 447
Philadelphia, 156, 318, 451
Philippine Islands, 157, 319, 457
Poland, 158
Poughkeepsie, 159
Rome, 324, 457
Serbia, 459
Spain, 327, 459
South Africa, 459
Washington, D. C., 160, 327
Weston, 462
Woodstock, Editors of WOODSTOCK LETTERS, 135
Worcester, 163, 327, 463

ST. XAVIER HIGH SCHOOL
CINCINNATI

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. LI, No. 3.

THE CONVERSION OF BRAHMINS AND HIGH CASTE HINDUS

In India as elsewhere the policy of the Catholic Church has been the fulfilment of our Lord's words: "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." She brought the divine message first to the poor, the despised and "the contemptible of the world." Unhappily, owing to the impassable gulf which separates the various castes of India, this policy has resulted in creating a low estimation of our religion among the high castes, especially in the countries east of the Ghauts. In many localities our holy religion has come to be regarded by Hindus as the religion of foreigners and outcasts, with whom no respectable Hindu would ever mix in social intercourse. This state of things is certainly one of the greatest and almost insurmountable obstacles to conversion in India. Hindus belonging to high or middle classes, and even some among the low classes, shudder at the very thought of losing their social rank and respectability by joining a religion which would lower them so much in the estimation of their countrymen. This very thought, with the certainty of being abandoned, if not bitterly persecuted, by their relatives and friends, and, in most cases, of losing their property and future material prospects, is sufficient to prevent them from even considering the claims of the Catholic religion.

How are we to remove this stumbling block on the way to conversions? How are we to wipe off this stain from the fair face of our Mother the Catholic Church, and to make it the religion for all in India, as it is the religion for all elsewhere? This is the great problem which every Catholic should help to solve. The conversion of many educated high caste Hindus, especially Brahmins, who would preserve their social status, and would furnish

valuable clerical or lay helpers to spread the Faith, has appeared to many the best way of solving this difficult problem. But while many missionaries have recognized the necessity of converting Brahmins, exceedingly few have hitherto been in a position to do efficient work among them.

Some twenty-six years ago, a concourse of providential circumstances gave the late Father Francis Billard, S. J., then Professor of English in St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly, the long desired opportunity of approaching Brahmins and of speaking to them of the true religion. God blessed his zeal, and he had the consolation of converting a few chosen Brahmin young men to whom he had promised that they could live as good Christians without being compelled to renounce their purely social customs, such as vegetarianism, etc.

Benefactors in Europe were appealed to, and their generous alms showed that they understood the importance of the conversion of Brahmins and high caste Hindus. A plot of ground was bought and a few houses for Brahmin and other converts were built. The little colony, known as St. Mary's Tope was placed under the special protection of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and recommended to the prayers of the Archconfraternity of this most Holy Heart for the conversion of sinners. It would require volumes to relate the extraordinary graces obtained through the powerful intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in connection with this work. The very fact of the perseverance of the converts, in spite of the persecution they had to suffer, is, in the eyes of converts themselves, a miracle of grace.

Short of martyrdom, Brahmin converts have had to suffer all that could be imagined to make them renounce their faith. Assaults on their tender feelings by a tenderly loving mother or an aged father; passionate appeals by a beloved wife, and then blows, threats, warrants, lawsuits, kidnapping, wrongful confinement, and even chains have been tried against one or another of our converts. Insults of all kinds, contempt shown in public, ostracism and isolation have been the lot of all. In some cases husband and wife have been violently separated from each other for ever; and in most cases, well-to-do parents have disowned and disinherited their converted children, and young men accustomed to a comfortable life at home, before their conversion, have had to suffer from the pangs of povery for the sake of

their new religion and to feel the humiliation of having to depend on charity for their daily needs.

But, thanks to God, we begin to reap the fruit of Father Billard's unceasing labors and prayers. About a dozen Catholic Brahmin families blessed with many children, several other families of high caste converts, and several bachelors, widows and orphans are living happily near the chapel of Immaculate Heart of Mary, in St. Mary's Tope. Some of the Brahmin families converted a few years ago have migrated to other towns. Hindu Brahmins seeing that Brahmins converted to Catholicism are keeping their social customs, and have merely changed their religion, have a better opinion of Catholicism, and some of them even do not hesitate to sit with them at dinner—a fact of immense importance for those who know the rigidity of the caste spirit on this point. Such a thing would certainly not have happened twenty years ago. This more benevolent attitude of Hindus towards our converts, together with an undeniable renewal of powerful grace, explain the comparatively numerous conversions. For of late there have been numerous additions to the little colony of Brahmin converts of St. Mary's Tope. During the last two years there have been sixteen Brahmin conversions—more than during the ten previous years. We have now a total of more than 100 Brahmins, among whom fourteen are recent convert students (boys) who study in our college and whom we have to support entirely. For, after their conversion, they are altogether abandoned, if not persecuted by their parents or relatives. We have to become to them father, mother, brothers and relatives. You may guess the heavy burden imposed on the shoulders of the poor Father in charge of the converts. I often say to myself, "Had I known all the troubles, anxieties, etc., which follow the baptism of a Brahmin, would I ever have had the courage to begin to work at such conversions?"

Anyway, the work is begun, and to abandon it would be felony or treason. Until the Catholic religion has converted enough Brahmins and high caste people not to be called the 'pariah' religion any more, it will make very slow and scanty progress in this land of castes.

I must say, on the other hand, that this work is not without consolation. The grace of God brings us souls in the most extraordinary manner. Very often, we work patiently and long for the conversion of souls, who finally disappoint us. As a consolation, God sends us

other good souls, for whom we have done nothing and who have been converted entirely by God's grace, without any human intervention. One feels then that one is nothing, and that *sine tuo auxilio nihil est in homine*, and this thought, which humbles us, comforts also, because we feel that we do not work alone.

You might, perhaps, be interested to know some details of the conversions of a few of these Brahmins.

I begin with two of them, who are now studying in the B. A. classes.

A fine young man, the son of a Brahmin priest in charge of the pagoda in a neighboring State, was first converted from paganism to Protestantism by an Anglican minister, who visited him when he was suffering from fever in a hospital. He, for the first time, read the New Testament, and this reading, together with the kindness of the minister, made him change his corrupted religion for one which appeared to him far superior. He knew no other Christianity and became an ardent champion of Protestantism. He even began to preach to Hindus and Mohammedans, and more than once was pelted with stones. His parents and relatives were exceedingly sad at his conversion, and he made a real sacrifice, when by his baptism, he separated himself entirely from them.

Having been a Protestant for a little more than a year, he heard there were other sects of Christianity. He asked the minister, who had baptized him, permission to visit and study these other Christians. The answer was, 'Yes, you may go and see and live with Presbyterians, Lutherans, Salvationists, Reformed Syrians, but don't go to Roman Catholics, for they have the counterfeit church.' This exclusion of Catholics had the contrary effect intended by the Anglican minister. The young Brahmin said to himself: 'I must see what Catholics are and convert them.' He heard that there were Catholic Brahmins here at Trichinopoly, and much against his minister's wish, came to Trichinopoly to convert our Catholic Brahmins to his religion. He hoped also to convert the Jesuits!

For the first time I saw him in May, 1919. He had a big bundle of notes, written by himself, with strong arguments against the 'counterfeit church.' We had two or three long conversations, and in less than two weeks he was kneeling and praying in our church and asking for baptism. We made him wait for about two months, and after a retreat of four days, I had the consolation of

receiving this good, upright soul into the Catholic Church.

The flood of letters from his minister, other missionaries and Protestant friends, begging him not to abandon the church of his baptism, etc., etc., made him endure a moral agony. I saw him sad, dejected, and even weeping, but never shaken in the Faith.

We had to adopt him and keep him here in our colony, and in order to secure for him a living suited to his rank and abilities, we have taken him into the B. A. classes. He is succeeding well. We hope that next year will see him a graduate and able to support himself. In the meantime we have to maintain him (feed, clothe and furnish him books, etc., for study).

Another B. A. student. This young man was a student in the high school, Madras, where, thanks to the zeal of one of the Portuguese missionaries there, his mind was turned to religious thoughts. The beautiful ceremonies he witnessed in the Cathedral impressed him deeply. He became friendly with a young Catholic recently converted, who made up his mind to convert and save him. It was then that I first heard of him. His friend wrote to me, asking for some of our publications *ad paganos* for him. After that this young man himself wrote to me, asking what he would have to do to become a Christian and join our Catholic Brahmin community. I sent him a letter of introduction to one of our first converts, who, at that time happened to be employed in Madras. After the first interview both wrote to me enthusiastic letters. This young man wrote that from the time he had begun to desire to become a Christian he had never felt so happy, because he saw now that he could become a Christian without necessarily becoming a pariah. He had learnt this by seeing the home of the Brahmin convert, to whom I had given him the letter of introduction. It was kept true to Brahmin fashion.

To be short, this young man was baptized on Ascension Day, 1920, and a few hours later was in the Catholic Brahmin colony of St. Mary's Tope. But all was not over with baptism. His father, employed in the High Court at Madras, came to Trichinopoly with his mother and youngest brother. For more than a week they besieged the poor boy's heart. Tears, threats, kind words, embraces, etc., all were tried at the rate of four or five hours daily. But the young neophyte was unshaken. He often wept when he saw his mother, but when asked

to 'come home,' he said, 'Impossible! You know very well I can't.'

In America this impossibility for a convert to go home may appear quite strange. Here for a Brahmin convert to go home means, first, to wear an idolatrous sign on the forehead; second, to do pagan ceremonies several times a day; third, not to go to church at all, for no pagan family could entertain at home one who would not keep the pagan customs, without themselves losing their caste,—the most unthinkable thing for a pagan! 'Come home' here means to abandon Christianity and return to paganism.

Seeing that their son's heart was hardened, the parents planned a well thought out trick. At a most famous temple, three miles from Trichinopoly they had rich and influential friends, who owned motor cars. For a few days they ceased to trouble their son and observed his movements. They discovered that morning and evening he was coming to our church, a distance of about three or four furlongs. One evening at about 7 P. M., when our neophyte, in company with another Brahmin convert, was returning from church, a motor car suddenly came near them and stopped. From the car two men jumped down. One was the eldest brother of our young convert, who had come on secretly from Madras. This brother attempted to drag our neophyte into the car. Soon six or seven other Brahmins were helping him. The other Brahmin convert went to the neophyte's assistance, and this distracted the assailants and he was able to slip between their hands and to run away to a place of safety.

Nothing daunted, the parents resolved on one last trick. During the absence of the European magistrate from the town, they went to the Indian (pagan) deputy magistrate and obtained from him a warrant of arrest against their son, who, they alleged, was wrongfully confined by Christian missionaries in a Catholic Brahmin's house. The neophyte was a major (19 years old) and could not be legally claimed by the parents, but he was to be questioned by the magistrate in his court, and then be let free to go where he pleased. The trick was a clever one. The parents had no legal claim. They merely wished to take their boy out of St. Mary's Tope and to have him at their disposal at the gate of the court. Four or five motor cars and some fifty or sixty Brahmins would be there to remove him to some distant pagan locality, where they thought they would be able by all

sorts of incantations and pagan ceremonies to remove the effects of the Christian medicine administered to their son.

At about 11 P. M., some one knocked at my door. 'Father,' said one of our Catholic Brahmins, 'a policeman, who is my friend, has just told me that in a few hours, at 6 in the morning, the house where this young man is concealed will be searched by the police inspector and he will be taken to the magistrate.'

At once I wrote a note to the Brahmin gentleman, who had taken this man into his home. 'My dear sir, your house is going to be searched. Awake the young man and send him elsewhere.'

So he was saved. The police came and searched in vain. A few days after, the English collector was visited by one of our Fathers in company with the young neophyte. The warrant was quashed and the boy left free. His desolate parents left Trichinopoly. Once more his father saw him and his last words were: 'Don't do anything dishonorable to our caste!'

We have besides two B. A. class students, one more undergraduate, five others studying in the matriculation class, and the rest in lower classes. It would be too long to relate all these conversions. These boys are between 21 and 17.

One of them is the younger brother of the young neophyte, whose conversion I have just related. He received the grace this way:

His brother's becoming a Catholic gave him food for reflection. Why had his brother become a Christian? The boy found an old Bible and read it. He was much pleased, and then one day, under the pretext of traveling for the pagan firm with which he was employed, he came to Trichinopoly to see his brother. He observed carefully the behavior and conduct of our converts. Nothing shocked him. No beef eating. Cleanliness, etc. All was very Brahminical; contrary to the accusations launched by Hindus against the Christians. On the other hand, the piety displayed by the converts, who taught prayers to their little children, impressed him favorably. He read one or two books, and when on his way to the station to return to Madras, he said: 'I shall return. I too wish to be a Christian.' This was in April last, and now the young man is piously preparing for baptism.

Here is the story of three younger ones of the colony, three brothers, who came with their widow mother.

Their mother, a widow, shaved according to the Brahmin custom of the country, had the good fortune of becoming acquainted with another widow (one of our converts). This Catholic widow brought her to us and made her remain with a pious Brahmin lady for about a month or two. The pagan widow was at first like a wild bird. She would not consent to see a priest or a man; but soon she was tamed, came to church, and was exceedingly pleased with all that she saw of our religion. She said she had three sons, whom she had left sometime before with their elder sister, who was married, in Tranancore. I immediately sent her with the Catholic widow and a young Catholic boy to serve as a guide to fetch the boys. The expedition was perilous, for had any one of her caste suspected her intentions, they might have done her some great harm. Happily, nothing of the sort happened. She called her children. They came. All got up in a bullock carriage, took the train at the nearest station, and came back to Trichinopoly. After six months, mother and sons were baptized and are now very happy. The eldest is fourteen, the others twelve and ten. You can see in their faces, these young boys were born to be Christians. But the other side of the medal, as the French say, is that we have to support all of them, mother and children, until one or two of the boys are able to earn enough to support themselves. Their pagan relatives have completely cut off any financial aid.

So you see I have to beg month after month for these good converts, who have left their families for Our Lord's sake, and have no one to rely on, except God and the persons inspired by God to help them. Alas! there are souls here whom I am afraid to baptize, because of our want of funds. Our converts literally live on alms.

A LETTER OF THE LATE FATHER WILLIAM McDONOUGH, S. J.

Shortly before his death, some of the juniors at St. Andrew's wrote to their famous brother in the Moro country, asking him for some idea of Jesuit missionary life, and how best to prepare for it. Following is the old missioner's generous reply.

ZAMBOANGA, MINDANAO, P. I., October, 1919.

The two letters I received deserved an earlier answer,

but I have been simply unable to answer sooner, and the Good Lord knows when I shall be able to finish this present scrawl.

Your letters suggested (1) that I give some idea of missionary life in the Philippines; (2) that I state the special needs of my Jolo mission, in order that your prayers and works of zeal may be offered for a definite object; and (3) that I send, as one of the letters says, "a few words of advice about the proper way of fostering the missionary spirit and the virtues most necessary now."

In answer let me first state that, as you can easily imagine, the missionary works here are of various kinds; perhaps it would be convenient for you and me just now to put them into four classes.

Let us call the first, class A; it comprises the works done among the students in the cities; you are perfectly aware that inhabitants of cities may be as ignorant in spiritual matters and as depraved in morals as is the savage wandering in the forest. Work among students consists either in caring for pupils in our own colleges, or in looking after those who attend the public educational institutions. Thus, if you were to come to the Philippines immediately after your course in philosophy, you would probably be assigned to the Ateneo or to our Apostolic School, both in Manila, or to the *colegio-seminario* of the City of Vigan. Your employments in that case would be similar to those met with at Holy Cross, Fordham or Georgetown; of course, your work here might be more far-reaching in its results. This is the kind of work that was done by Mr. (now Father) Daly who as a scholastic came with me to the Islands.

Another form of work among students—and I consider it the most important work in the Philippines—is that done by priests among the students attending the public educational institutions. All of us American Jesuits have been engaged in this to some extent and not without success. The last of us to be in charge in Manila was, I think, Father Finegan, and he did so well that a member of the Apostolic Delegation has called him the "Apostle of Students." A zealous Augustinian (American) who took up Father Finegan's work, at least in part, has erected an elegant dormitory—a very considerable part of the cost being met by Father Finegan's fifty thousand pesos. This dormitory is a great success and its hard-working director deserves very much credit. But as far as I could learn at the beginning of this year

when I was in Manila and lived in the near neighborhood of the Philippine University, its students for the most part are unreached by the clergy, and —I fear—have fallen victims to indifference, materialism, and freemasonry. I could not but think that if the "Apostle of Students" had remained here—and possibly if he came back even now—there would result from his many ingenious devices for attracting and instructing them a vast change for the better among practically this whole student body who in a few years will be the leaders of the Filipino people.

I would mention here that Father Jimenes, a young Spanish Jesuit who studied at Woodstock, has opened a dormitory in Manila and is succeeding—in fact wonderfully so—if we bear in mind that he started his institution without any financial resources and keeps it in good running order without any outside help: a result of divine blessing and human wide-awakeness.

Class B is a combination of Class A and parish work. Thus Father Thompkins conducts a dormitory, gives instructions in a normal and several other schools, and with the City of Vigan as a center covers an extensive district, laboring in a large number of towns and villages. His specialty is not in making converts but in protecting the lambs of Christ from the wolves of heresy. I accompanied him on some of his expeditions; it was not a little amazing to see a whole townful of children running after him, and in their eagerness falling over one another in the deep dust of the road, while all the time they cried out *estampita po*—an expression that well illustrates the mixture the Filipinos commonly make of Spanish and some native dialect, and in this case means "a little picture, sir."

The Protestant missionaries in that locality say truly that Father Thompkins is doing the work of five men. His latest undertaking is, I think, the establishment and organization of parochial schools. But he can tell you about his work better than I can.

Class B is the work done by our Fathers in the island of Culion. You probably know that this is the "leper" island of the Philippines. About five thousand persons afflicted with leprosy are gathered there; they are ministered to spiritually by two Jesuit Fathers, one of whom, Father Rello, studied in America. The other is a distinguished member of the Province of Castile and volunteered for this work.

At the beginning of the present year I went as companion to the Reverend Superior of the Mission on his

visitation to Culion. The lepers live in groups; that is, a special section of the town is assigned to those from the same province. Of course I was especially interested in my Jolo Moros—a colony of about fifty souls. The Superior of Culion informed me that of all the non-Christians my Mohammedans of Jolo are the easiest to bring into the true fold and to prepare for death. As the death rate there is very high, the number of Moros converted in Culion is larger than that of the new converts in Jolo itself.

If you would learn more about the missionary work in Culion, ask Father Thomas Becker about it; he spent a long and laborious time there.

Class D. This is the kind of work that you are probably interested in especially—the kind that Catholics generally understand by the term "missionary work"—that is, work done partially or entirely among infidels or pagans, and involving journeys from place to place. Let me state here that in great part this enormously large diocese of Mindanao and Sulu is still infidel or pagan; and this is the special field of the Jesuit missionaries.

In this diocese we have parishes, each of them generally being an extensive district. In the immediate vicinity of the parish church there is usually a good-sized Christian congregation; outside of this circle are the non-baptized. Ordinarily there are two Fathers, stationed together; this arrangement makes it possible for one priest to remain with the old-time Christians while the other travels among the converts and the unbaptized.

I must not write a treatise—so I shall confine myself to one or two instances that I hope will give an idea of conditions here in regard to chances of conversion.

A couple of years ago there died one of our Spanish Fathers; on this island of Mindanao he had baptized over eighty thousand natives. When I met him he was already an old man; he was of a jolly disposition, a lovable character and seemed remarkably talented in regard to languages. His labors were in central and northeastern Mindanao.

Danao is a district in the east of the same island. It was here that Father Lynch, now in India, did most excellent and successful work. In one of the back numbers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS there is an interesting account of what he did, written by his local superior, Father Aleix. The latter told me that Father Lynch used to start out on his expedition with a portable altar, nothing else, no money, no food, and be gone

for months at a time. It often happened that he had to sleep on the bare ground; often too his only food was rice. When, however, he reached any of the big plantations, all was well. The American—and generally non-Catholic—owners give employment to large numbers of native workmen and always like to have a priest present. Owners and workmen welcome and treat him in the best manner possible. Many times Father Lynch administered in a single day an astonishingly large number of baptisms.

A short time ago the Superior of Danao passed through Zamboanga on his way back to Manila. He is Father Villalonga, a brilliant Spanish theologian who gave the "grand act" in St. Louis University a few years ago. For a year or more he had been carrying on the work of Father Lynch, and is now recalled because, as in the case of Father Lynch, of the inroads made on his health by the work and the climate. Father Villalonga informed me that he instructed and baptized on an average 100 pagans a month. Father Lynch told me there is no lack of catechumens in that district. What is needed is a *number* of *hardy* missionaries to care for them and for those already baptized.

Under Class D also comes the work of the Jolo missionary. The walled town of Jolo is his headquarters. There he has a large wooden church now rather old and dilapidated. It adjoins a large house made of coral rock—a building that could be quickly transformed into a fort. In the town of Jolo and in the barrios (outlying wards) there is a congregation of about 600 persons of all nationalities, a considerable number of them born of Christian Filipino parents; most of the congregation are descendants of Moros.

There are a half dozen dependent missions scattered over the Island of Jolo. And there are several other islands that claim the special attention of the missionary because of the number of inhabitants already Christians, or because of the good prospects of conversions. But the missionary has charge of the whole Sulu Archipelago including hundreds of islands. Most of the inhabitants are Mohammedans and of the fanatical kind. For several years after my arrival the government frowned on my going more than a short distance outside the walled town unless accompanied by soldiers. Within the last few years there has come a great change for the better; there is now peace, and to a great extent security of life; the greatest danger remaining now is that your Mo-

hammedan Malay may suddenly "run amuck," or in your travels you may encounter highwaymen.

To give some notion of the work of the Jolo missionary it may be well to give a short account of the last expedition of which I know anything—it was made, not by me but by my successor. I happened to be in Jolo trying to put the finishing touches to a catechism in the Moro language. My successor, Father Saus, thought my temporary stay in Jolo afforded him time to visit some of the outlying islands.

It happened (that is the way with things in Jolo, they just happen, and that is one of the reasons why there is spice in the life of a missionary) that the official who has charge of light-houses came into port and was about to make a trip in the southern waters to inspect various lights. Father Saus was welcome to join the party: the American officials are always good to the priest. The launch left Jolo in the morning and reached its first stopping place, "the pearl-banks light" that night. It may seem to you that the missionary is taking a long time to get to his island; could he not take a shorter course? Yes, if he had a boat of his own. As it is, he cannot afford to own or hire a boat or even to pay fare; he must accommodate himself to circumstances and take any kind of boat he can get—it be even a "vinta"—that is a narrow sail-boat with bamboo outriggers and not always safe in the storms and strong conflicting currents of the Sulu Sea. Besides, the special island sought by the missionary on this trip happens to be really a long distance from Jolo, so the voyage necessarily takes considerable time.

The party reached Cogayan, the objective of the missionary, the next day.

Let me put in parenthesis here that the priest can say Mass almost every day of his travels; if his boat is large enough and the conditions are suitable, the Mass can be said on board; or it may be better to land for the purpose and find shelter; it may be a dwelling whose owner is not unfriendly, or it may be in the open air where the only shelter is that given by the palm trees.

It was 3 P. M. before Father Saus began his "house to house visitation" of the island. Those dwellings are widely scattered over a country that is rough, with high, steep hills. covered with tall, thick grass, and to a great extent shadeless. And the journey was under a tropical sun. A horse was offered to the missionary by one of the natives; but Father Saus, though a Spaniard, is not

the "Spanish Cavalier" you sing of in your vacation; he is unusually heavy, and if he mounts the little native pony, either the rider falls off or the pony falls down, so my successor always proceeds in the manner of the doughboy. It was nine o'clock that night when he reached the shore and his anchored boat. He at once fell into the sleep of exhaustion, but two hours later was aroused to go ashore again and baptize two children whom he had not found in the afternoon. The Sacrament of Regeneration was administered, the only light being that of the moon, and the only prayers those the priest could remember. All this was not very rubrical but the best he could do.

After these last baptisms the missionary hurried to the launch, which had been waiting for him, and the party proceeded on their voyage.

The island they had just left is in a peculiar condition, from a religious point of view. There is probably not a Catholic woman on the island. The so-called wives of the Filipinos who have come to live among the Moros were brought up Mohammedans, but are desirous of becoming Christians, and are perfectly satisfied that their children be baptized.

Some time ago I furnished many of them with catechisms in different dialects in accordance with the particular place of origin of the "husband;" for the latter is the teacher. Some time in the near future I hope the missionary will be able to remain on the island at least a month and give daily instructions; all these women would receive baptism. Then the missionary armed with all the "faculties" our good Bishop can confer would rectify the marriages. The good dispositions of these Moras (Moro women) are accounted for negatively by the fact that the Hadjis (pilgrims to Mecca) and Imams (Moro clergymen) do not find it convenient to visit this out-of-the-way island, and the natives are therefore not stirred up to Mohammedan fanaticism.

On the morning after leaving Cogayan the launch arrived at Sandakan, the principal port of Northern Borneo. Borneo is in sight of the southern islands of the Jolo parish, but of course is in another jurisdiction, and therefore the visiting missionary did no work there. However, he availed himself of the opportunity to say Mass in the Sandakan Church, and to call on the good Josephite (Mill Hill, London) Fathers, who are in charge and are doing very successful work there.

The next morning the launch left Sandakan, passing

close to the famous "Turtle Island," and its innumerable turtle eggs, and arrived that evening at Bungao. I state only that it is a beautiful spot, the center of many islands and the gathering place of thousands and thousands of Moros on market days, and has been called by the Archbishop of Manila the "frontier of Christianity."

Father Saus had time to say Mass in the little stone church there and to baptize some children. The launch then sailed for Siosi, which was reached that evening at sunset. Let me say here that the trip from Bungao to Siosi —not by the outside course, but through the Sulu Archipelago—is most interesting, and under favorable weather conditions, enchanting. One reason for the interest is that you are in the heart of Mohammedanism, and it is doubtful that a Christian convert could hold onto life long on any of these innumerable small islands. Some of these islands have densely inhabited towns. The houses are built mostly on bamboo poles that are driven into the reef and raise the floor of the house high above the water that flows in with the tide. The principal occupation of the inhabitants is shark fishing—another important industry, it is suspected, is smuggling.

The little party we have been accompanying reached Siosi Saturday evening. This place, like Bungao, is a constabulary post; it has more Christians than has the last-named settlement, but the church which the faithful have long desired has not yet been built. On Sunday morning Mass was said by the missionary in a private house; there were some baptisms of children and there were a few marriages. About noon the launch left Siosi, and in the evening arrived at Jolo, having made the round trip in six days.

You ask what are the principal needs of the Jolo mission. Perhaps what the Moros need most is *light.* Unhappily they seem like those whom Our Lord said loved darkness rather than light. There seems to me to be a very striking resemblance between the Jews and the Moros in their intense attachment to the religion they possess, and in their refusal to accept the truth. The Moros have been brought up deceived; we must not judge them too harshly. It may be that many, especially leaders, uphold Mohammedanism on account of the temporal advantages the system affords them, but I am convinced that the people as a whole are extremely sincere in their attachment to their false religion. For though their reading of the Koran in Arabic leaves them in ignorance as to much of Mohammedanism, and though

the practice of their religion is not always the strictest, the fact remains that they are ready or can be easily aroused to readiness to die in defence of it. It is this fact that makes our government put on its softest gloves when handling the Moros. The point for us is this: if these poor people are so attached to their false religion what staunch Christians they would make. It is probable that multitudes of them have never heard of Christianity except in abuse, and that many others have never even heard the name of Our Redeemer. Pray, therefore, that He send His light-bearers among them and confer upon all these poor people the inward light and strength of grace that will lead them to salvation.

You ask "what virtues are especially demanded in the life of a missionary?" All, I think, can be practically and most profitably summed up in one, namely, the love of Our Lord as taught by Saint Ignatius in the contemplation "The Call of the King." Every Jesuit vocation is included in the "Call" there of the "Eternal King." There through love for Him and through the desire for His sake to save the souls He labored and died for, we are not only made willing for labor and hardships and severe trials, but are also led on to undergo them *successfully*—and that implies the practice of all the virtues necessary in the life of the missionary. To give an example—in the real missionary life there are apt to be lots of privations, hardships, difficulties and disappointments, as well as golden opportunities and most consoling successes; and (allow me to extend a little the pugilistic figure used by St. Paul) the love St. Ignatius teaches will bring you up at every round smiling; it will give the habit of "making the best of things," that is, not only bearing inconvenience cheerfully, bnt also using to advantage what the occasion at hand offers—often unexpectedly—for the profit of souls.

You ask about the connection of your life now as juniors with your missionary life. You may take it as a principle that not only everything taught in Woodstock, but also everything you learn now in the junior classroom will make you better missionaries. The complete course of Jesuit studies is an immense help, and the good you can do them and the opinion they will form of the Church and her ministers—and the consequent aid you may receive in your work—will depend to a great extent on your education. I envy you the opportunity of beginning the missionary life young.

God bless you; pray for your old brother in Christ,

WM. M. McDONOUGH, S. J.

NOVITIATE AT MACON DESTROYED BY FIRE

St. Stanislaus College, of Macon, Georgia, the novitiate of the New Orleans Province, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of November the 7th, 1921. The college was a brick building of four stories and basement. The ground plan would show a central structure fronting north, flanked by an east and a west wing.

The fire, which was of unknown origin, started in the clothes room on the fourth floor of the main building. It was discovered by the juniors who had just made the visit to the Blessed Sacrament after supper, and were on their way to a choir rehearsal. In passing a window, they noticed a brilliant light cast on the trees in the rear of the building, and on looking up, saw the flames shooting from the clothes room. The fire was simultaneously discovered by one of the Fathers from a window in the east wing. He rushed down to the Fathers in the recreation room and surprised them with the news that the house was on fire. Father Minister at once sent word to the juniors to try to put it out, and then immediately went to the telephone and turned in the alarm. Father Master sent the novices to fight the fire from their dormitory, which was on the fourth floor of the east wing.

In spite of this prompt action, and in spite of the fact that a few minutes after the fire was discovered the novices were working on it from the east side and the juniors from the west, they were already badly handicapped. As the entire community had been assembled for Benediction in the chapel, which was on the second floor of the central part of the college, and immediately afterwards for supper in the refectory, which was just below the chapel, the fire might have been burning for more than half an hour before it was noticed. By this time the fire extinguishers, and even the three-inch hoses, with which the entire building had been equipped, were altogether unable to cope with the roaring blaze. The elevation of the hill on which the novitiate was located, added to the height of the building, had made it necessary to install tanks in the building to furnish water to the upper floors. As the water tanks were in the attic, and as the fire was on the top floor, the effective height of the water was not great enough to give sufficient pressure.

It was evident that we could not extinguish the fire with our own apparatus. There was only one thing to do, and the intense heat and dense smoke made it all the more imperative, to withdraw and wait for the Macon Fire Department.

No strenuous efforts had been made thus far to remove anything from the house, because all thought that although we ourselves had been unable to extinguish the fire, the city firemen, with their more complete equipment, could easily confine it to the upper floor, as it was a beautiful Southern November night, and no breeze was stirring. As a mere precaution, however, the Spiritual Father removed the Blessed Sacrament to the mortuary chapel in the cemetery. The sacred vessels and vestments were taken from the sacristy to a neighbor's house. Father Meriwether, a native Georgian and a convert to the Faith, who was 88 years of age, was forced by the infirmarian to leave the room which he had occupied for thirty years. He abandoned it with heartrending sorrow. The spectators observed a reverent silence as the gray haired priest feebly descended the steps of his old home for the last time. He was given a glad welcome in the home of a neighboring Protestant family. He did not long survive the old place, but passed away last February in an Atlanta hospital.

To us the fire department seemed slow in coming but still slower in beginning operations on the burning building. It is true, their difficulties were great. The nearest fire plug was about a thousand feet away, and it required nearly all the fire hose in Macon for such long lines. A general alarm was sent in. The fireman charged with this duty used our telephone, and in giving the location of the fire said that it was the Irish College. It may be interesting to note that the reason why St. Stanislaus College was supposed to be a Hibernian institution, was that the Macon people, largely non-Catholic, interpreted the "I. H. S." over the entrance gate, to mean Irish High School. Two lines of hose were stretched from the fire plugs to the college, but it was evident to us that two streams were wholly inadequate for the large area over which the fire had by this time spread. The firemen were unable to arrest the progress of the flames, and we realized that the building was doomed. The community now made every effort to save all movable objects, but the rescue work did not last long. The danger point had already arrived, entrance and exit were perilous on account of debris falling on

the outside of the building, while within, the roof threatened to collapse and crash through the four flights of stairs into the basement. The firemen ordered all to drop even what they had in their hands and to leave the building at once.

With the exception of the chalices and sacred vestments and about 250 volumes from the Fathers' library, little else was saved. The spiritual library of the novices and the classical library of the juniors were a total loss. Both of these were excellent, and it will be impossible to replace them. Of personal effects, the vast majority of the community saved nothing except the clothes that they were actually wearing.

At 10.30 P. M., after the building had been burning for about two hours and a half, it was one mass of flames. The fire had crept from room to room and from floor to floor. Like a fiery fountain the flames mounted higher and higher. The cracking of wood and the crashing of glass were heard above the murmur of the crowd. Then the walls began to fall. Little by little they were forced from their vertical position until section by section they lost their equilibrium and began to fall outwards and downwards, gaining momentum until they struck the ground with a dull thud and a violent impact perceptible to all the by-standers.

As St. Stanislaus' was situated on one of the highest hills of Macon, the fire was visible for many miles. It is estimated that the number of those, who, attracted by the sight, came to view it at close quarters, was about ten thousand. Although our novitiate was located in the very heart of what is probably the most bigoted State in the Union, where for every Catholic there are sixty non-Catholics, let it be said to the everlasting praise of the people of Macon, that no sign of bigotry or ill will was shown towards us. On the contrary, Catholics and Protestants alike were most sympathetic, and showed the genuine spirit of southern hospitality. If the people of Georgia believed one half of the calumnies hurled against Catholics, and especially Jesuits, there never would have been such numerous and generous offers of help from Protestant Georgians. Among the offers of accommodations for the night two came from large hotels. Superiors were therefore able gratefully to decline the hospitality of private families, and sent the novices to one hotel and the juniors and brothers to the other. Father Master accompanied his novices; Father Minister and one of the professors the juniors. The

other priests were accommodated at the two Catholic Rectories of Macon. Friends placed their automobiles at our disposal, so that transportation presented no difficulty. At about 11.45 P. M., the last automobile carrying Ours from their former home, left all that remained of St. Stanislaus' a heap of smouldering ruins.

The lobby of the hotel presented a strange appearance when we arrived that evening, as most of us were wearing cassock and biretta. The following morning all assembled at the parish church for Mass. After breakfast, still clad in our cassocks, we were taken in automobiles to our villa, which is about five miles from Macon. There we spent the day. The tailor procured suits of clothes for all, and hence we were enabled to return to the hotel at night without attracting too much attention.

Rev. Father Provincial arrived in Macon at two o'clock the following morning. Later in the day it was decided that for the present the novices should occupy the villa, and the juniors be sent to the Sacred Heart College, of Augusta, Ga., which was closed a few years ago, and was still unoccupied. The juniors left for Augusta on the third day after the fire, and the villa at Macon became the novitiate.

St. Stanislaus College was built in 1873 by Bishop Gross, later named Archbishop of Oregon City. It was originally called Pio Nono College, and designed for diocesan students for the priesthood, and for others desiring a college education. After serving as diocesan seminary and college for a few years, Pio Nono was acquired by Ours, and became the novitiate of the New Orleans Province. The building was situated in what became, in the course of time, a beautiful park, which, as the newspapers said the day after the fire, was always well kept. The hand-ball alley, which is still standing not far from the ruins of the burned building, is said to be the finest in the South.

Rev. Father Rector received numerous letters of sympathy, among which was a letter from the Macon Chamber of Commerce expressing regret at the destruction of the college, and offering to co-operate in rebuilding it. Rev. Dr. Owen, of the First Baptist Church, introduced a resolution of sympathy at the Kiwanis Club. Various other organizations adopted similar resolutions. Our non-Catholic neighbors circulated a petition requesting Ours to rebuild.

The loss of the novitiate has been a severe blow to the

province but all have resigned themselves to God's holy will, and are awaiting the day when, in a new and greater St. Stanislaus', a flame will be enkindled in the ruby lamp before the Light that never fails.

THOMAS SHIELDS, S. J.

LETTER FROM FATHER McNEAL

ABOARD S.S. "TUSCALOOSA CITY," May 9th, 1922.

Dear Father,—

P. C.

How we got into the Panama Canal and through it may be of interest to your readers.

The roll of the blue Caribbean had reached a point where it was beginning to get on my nerves when it unexpectedly ceased, and first the quiet water and then a glimpse of hills on the horizon told that we were approaching the Isthmus, As the land became more visible its tropical character became unmistakable. Palms could be seen on the low-lying shore, and the dark, dense green of the hills was clearly that of an impenetrable jungle. The hills had the peculiarly steep volcanic contour with which I had become familiar from the mountains of Hawaii and Japan. As we headed for the land, we noticed before us a beautiful little bay protected by two jetties, each of which terminated in a small light-house. Passing these, we found ourselves in Limon Bay, with the Panamanian city of Colon and the American one of Cristobal on our left, and the wild tropical jungle covering the shore and hills to our right. The little American city was almost hidden by the immense docks and warehouses and the truly prodigious coaling-station that lined all its water front. We soon beheld the opening of the canal, coming down like a broad, straight river between the hills. As we entered it, our close view of the banks gave a clearer idea of the tangled mass of vines, shrubs and trees of all sorts through which the constructors of this gigantic work had to hew every inch of their way. We could easily hear the song of the birds, for as our vessel steamed in slowly, there was not another sound; and I noted that it was not the screaming of parrots but such sweet and varied notes as we hear from our own

woods that came from this strange forest where every conceivable variety of tree and undergrowth seemed to be flourishing. Before I quite realized our situation, I noticed ahead of us a red-tiled concrete building which proved to be one of the operating stations of the first lock. At the same glance I took in a branch stream entering the canal from our right. This, I was informed, was a part of the old French canal which had not been employed in this part of the American work. The main canal now became walled on either side with concrete, rising high above the deck of the "Tuscaloosa," and suddenly came to an end against a solid wall of steel. This steel wall was the outermost gate of the Gatun Locks. Beyond it we could see the other two locks rising and forming, with the first, a flight of three gigantic steps. On the second of these steps, a Japanese vessel which had entered the Canal just before us was slowly rising, lifted by a mysterious and invisible force. Suddenly there was a low humming noise and the electric mules coming towards us on each of the concrete walls, halted beside us, three on each side. A strange sort of camel's hump on the back of each of the mules began to revolve and from this hump there came out a steel cable. These cables were made fast to our ship at bow, waist and stern by skilful negro canal hands who had boarded us as we entered the approach to the lock. Three or four of these men also attended on each of the electric mules and held slender ropes attached to our cables to prevent them from sagging into the water. Then the great wall of steel in front of us slowly parted and folding away from us into the concrete walls, admitted us to the lock. The utterly noiseless motion of these vast doors, without a visible sign of the forces and machinery that moved so many tons of metal, was one of the most impressive sights I ever saw. The white motormen sitting in the cabs of the electric mules now turned on the current, and with the same gentle humming sound as before, these strange locomotives began to move past the gate, followed by the negro tenders walking slowly and sustaining the cables by which we were drawn onward into the lock. We stopped and the huge steel doors closed behind us as silently and mysteriously as they had opened. The water around us now began to boil like the surface of an enormous tea-kettle; it looked as though a dozen Yellowstone geysers had broken out underneath of it and were violently making their way to the top. The surface now gradually rose

and lifted our vessel, loaded with 162 carloads of steel, to the level of the second lock. During this majestic performance, the motormen in the electric mules and the dark attendants beside them, waited at their ease, ready for the next move, looking as unconcerned as though nothing of notice were going on. Again the titanic gates opened; again the motors hummed and towed us along; again the gates were closed and the water boiled and we passed into the third lock. A third repetition of this Brobdingnagian ceremonial and we were released into Gatun Lake.

If the foregoing stage of the performance suggested the days of the giants, what appeared before us now took us back to the earthly paradise. Gatun Lake covers an area of 106 square miles. Though its origin is artificial, due to the stopping of the Chagres River by Gatun Dam, it so beautifully fills a spacious hollow amid surrounding mountains, and so gracefully sets off by contrast the dark verdure of the heights, that had the motive of the canal builders been to produce a matchless piece of landscape gardening, instead of to insure a reservoir for the locks and an inexhaustible source of hydro-electric power, the result could not have been more artistic and alluring. The surface of this crystal water is dotted with small islands, the tops of submerged hills, any one of which might be the scene of some romance or fairy tale, so beautiful is its covering of flowering or evergreen trees and of broad-leaved or feathery foliage. Here and there the tops of a submerged forest showed gaunt and dying in the midst of superabundant life.

We took dinner while we were crossing Gatun Lake, this being the least eventful part of our transit across the Isthmus. During the noon hour, we had a good chance to judge of the efficiency of the sun in this tropical region, only nine degrees north, and though I must admit that it was quite respectable, I could not complain of it as intolerable. It reminded me of nothing more than of my visit to St. Louis last summer when I was on my way westward to appeal to the generosity of the good people of Denver.

The Japanese vessel kept steaming ahead of us; a German merchantman, heading for some American port and bearing the flag of the new republic, passed us; we met and hailed the "Mobile City" a sister ship of the Isthmian line, bound for New York. The canal hands aboard us, having for the present no duties to perform, took advantage of the interval to go about the ship ped-

dling some excellent Panama hats, some fairly good folders illustrating the Canal and Zone and some rather questionable post cards. Boarding or leaving the vessels in transit through the Canal is not permitted, so that interchange of commodities between ship and shore is impossible. I thus found that I had been somewhat extravagant with my kodak films which I had expected to restock as I passed through Panama. But nothing of the kind was available. In fact no one but officials of the Canal appeared on the concrete walls or approaches of the locks. Villages and settlements, American and native, could be seen quite near at hand from time to time, but we had no means of communicating with them.

From Gatun Lake an arm extends on our left, or eastward, through which we ran for a considerable distance enjoying the view of tropical lowlands near us dotted with half-seen villages and backed by lofty hills forested to the top. This arm of the lake led us into what is really the most wonderful and difficult part of the Canal, the famous Culebra—or Gaillard Cut—which is nothing less than an artificial gorge or cañon nine miles long and 300 feet wide at the bottom, cut right through the mountain range that forms the backbone of the two continents, To cross the Continental Divide in a ship 442 feet long, fifty-six feet beam and weighing, with her cargo, 13,000 tons, was quite a new experience for me.

At the end of the Cut we entered the first of the locks that were to lower us toward the Pacific; its name is Pedro Miguel, but it is commonly called the Peter Magill Lock. It is a single lock and has no extraordinary features; but here one could better realize the value of the special precautions taken by the builders to guard against emergency, the huge iron chain which is lowered inside the gates to prevent a ship being washed down if ever those walls of steel should fail; still further the emergency dam, a complicated mass of steel bridgework lying along side the lock, ready to be swung into the channel at a moment's notice to stop the rush of water. The Government land in the neighborhood of this lock was beautifully graded and sodded, though the grass was somewhat the worse for the heat. The American community dwelling in bungalows, carefully screened from mosquitoes, seemed to be living pretty much as at home, with public playgrounds for the children, flivvers flivvering about, and even a few enthusiasts going out for a game of golf on links which the now lowering sun was still keeping at the temperature of a stove lid. Such is the courage of the race which built the great canal.

Peter Magill dropped us into a pretty little lake called Miraflores, and as we quickly crossed it with the setting sun behind us we could appreciate the fitness of its limpid Spanish name—"See the Flowers." The setting sun was behind us; for though we were steadily approaching the Pacific, we had been as steadily moving eastward since entering Gatun Lake. For the Zone runs diagonally across the Isthmus from northwest to southeast a distance of about forty-five miles, so that the Atlantic entrance is quite a bit westward of the Pacific entrance.

The sun was getting low and the temperature pleasantly moderated by a welcome evening breeze when we passed from the lake into Miraflores Lock, the longest of them all, which was to lower us by two steps into the Pacific. As the last gates opened, letting us down to sea level in the Bay of Panama, we could well understand how Balboa, who, from a neighboring hill had first beheld these waters in 1513, had given to this ocean the name it bears. A more peaceful scene can hardly be imagined. A day's work on the Canal had come to an end. The electric mules were lined up along the banks for a night's rest. Their motormen and tenders and all the other Canal workers were going home to supper, some in motor boats and barges, others in automobiles and others walking across the plain. Soldiers on a wharf below some military quarters were playing on a mandolin and singing, as soldiers will. The lights in the American City of Balboa and in the Panamanian City of Panama formed a bright fringe to the darkening waters of the bay. The shadows of vast buildings, warehouses, coaling and oiling stations, glided past us on our way to the sea. A group of antique dredges, covered with rust and half buried in the marsh, reminded us of the ill-fated effort of France to accomplish what it had been left to America to achieve.

We passed a group of vessels from the Orient or the west coast awaiting their chance to enter the Canal at sunrise. The constellation of the Southern Cross appeared before us. With it for guiding star we steamed out into the night and the Ocean of Peace.

MARK J. McNEAL, S. J.

SODALITY WORK AT THE ATENEO DE MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The Ateneo de Manila is a school under the direction of the American Jesuit Fathers. The three departments of grammar, high school and college include an enrollment of some 1200 boys. These boys come from every part of the Archipelago. Consequently it is of paramount importance to the Philippine Islands that these boys receive a solid training in their Faith. It is the earnest endeavor of the Fathers at the Ateneo to send these boys forth from the college so well trained in the principles of their religion and so strong in their devotion to the Mother of God that they will become messengers of good in their far scattered towns and barrios.

The Sodality of Our Blessed Mother is the powerful instrument being used at the Ateneo for the training of the young Filipino. Ever since the humble Jesuit teacher of grammar in the Roman College, John Leunis, started the sodality in 1563, there has gone forth from its midst heroes who have fought and, in some cases, died for the Faith. And so today when the Philippines are in great need of good native priests and laymen, courageous to stand up against the attacks of Protestantism and Masonry, the sodality raises her standard and invites the young Filipino to come and receive the training in her school which boasts of such a splendid roll of honor.

That the Filipino youth has taken advantage of this offer, the following record of five months' activities in the Ateneo sodalities will show.

On November 9, 1921, after the meaning and the threefold end of the sodality had been carefully explained to all the boarding students of the Ateneo, a selection was made of those boys best suited to become sodalists of Our Lady. These boys were divided into three sodalities, a senior sodality, a junior sodality and a sodality for the small boys in the grade classes. Enthusiastic elections for offices in the three sodalities were held. That these boys grasped the idea of what a sodality is, and that they appreciated the honor of holding office therein, was shown by the fact that they chose from among their number the brightest and best boys to be the leaders.

Rev. Francis X. A. Byrne, S. J., Rector of the Ateneo, addressed the opening meetings of the different sodalities. He earnestly encouraged the boys to take up the practice of daily communion. In the course of his remarks to the junior sodality he said that each boy before leaving the chapel, should secretly in his heart promise Our Lord that he would go to Holy Communion every day if possible. After the meeting was over not a boy stirred from his place in the chapel. The director signalled to the prefect that it was time to leave, but the director was informed that the sodalists wished to remain and promise Our Lord that they would go to communion every day. It was a solemn moment, and as time proved, it was a sincere one. Not one member of the junior sodality missed Holy Communion through his own fault during the rest of the school year.

After the sodalities had been organized and running smoothly they were divided into sections. The senior sodality was divided into a hospital section, a catechism section and a Blessed Sacrament section. The junior sodality was divided into a mission section and a Blessed Sacrament section. It was thought best to continue the sodality for the grade boys without sections until near the end of the year.

Let us first take a glance at the work done by the hospital section of the senior sodality.

This section began its work in the latter part of November, 1921. Every Sunday and Thursday about twelve hospital workers would visit the hospitals of San Pablo and San Juan de Dios within the walled city. In four months they distributed to the poor patients suffering on a bed made hot and uncomfortable by the tropical sun, more than 5,500 ice cream cones, which meant the expenditure of more than 400 pesos,* almost every centavo of which was contributed by the sodalists. The patients came to look for these messengers of joy. The sisters in charge of the hospitals were delighted to have the boys come, and maintained that their work with the sick was helped considerably. As one sister at San Juan de Dios Hospital used to say repeatedly: "*Ah! todos muy contentos ahora.*"

Once the weekly holiday of the college was changed from Thursday to Friday, and one of the sisters at San Pablo Hospital told how disappointed the patients were because the boys did not come at the regular time.

Besides the ice cream, the sodalists gave out a great

*A peso is valued at about fifty cents.

many cigars, cigarettes and candy, most of which was donated by friends who heard of the splendid work the boys were doing. At Christmas time handkerchiefs and holy pictures, donated by friends, were given to each patient in the above mentioned hospital.

Another source of pleasure for the sick were the illustrated magazines and pictorial sections of newspapers distributed by the hospital section. These were sent after an appeal to a sodality in the States, and helped the sick to spend many a pleasant hour. As this phase of newspaper work is not highly developed in the Philippines, the sodalists depend almost entirely for their supply from friends in the States.

Several times during the year the hospital funds ran low. The sodalists, on their own initiative, ran two moving picture shows and a big benefit in the college hall which brought in many pesos. At the end of the last school year there were left in the treasury of the hospital section 172 pesos to continue the work when classes were resumed in June. These energetic hospital workers have plans to spread their good work to other hospitals, and have procured a portable moving picture machine to increase their activities.

The Blessed Sacrament section of the junior sodality, with only seven members, rivals the hospital section of the senior sodality for the good work it has done. Though in an entirely different field, and within the walls of the college, this section has a splendid record.

Before this section started its work the college chapel was seldom visited during the day. The King of Kings spent many a lonely hour there. These seven little apostles started with a vim to get boys to visit the Blessed Sacrament and to go to frequent communion. They were not allowed to work outside of the second division for boarding students, so their field of labor was restricted to about seventy-five boys.

Each member of this section kept his weekly record faithfully and marked down the number of visits he himself made, the number of visits he succeeded in getting other boys not members of the Blessed Sacrament section to make, and finally the number of boys he got to go to Holy Communion that week. The first week the results read:

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament by members	123
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament by others . .	189
Holy Communions received by others	105

It was uphill work for these seven little apostles to

start the new devotion of making short, voluntary visits to the Blessed Sacrament among their fellow students. However, they went at it like men. Each evening in the study hall they could be seen going around quietly urging their friends to go to Holy Communion or to make a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The increase in communions and visits was steady and encouraging. Each Saturday evening the record for the week just finished, together with the record for the previous week, was posted on the sodality bulletin board. Great interest was shown both by members and non-members. Finally in the last week of school in March, just five months after these seven little apostles began their work, this splendid record was posted on the board:

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament by members	275
Visits to the Blessed Sacrament by others . .	878
Holy Communions received by others	231

If we add up the visits and communions for the five months we find that these seven boys either made or had others make more than 6250 visits to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and were instrumental in having others receive, in addition to their own daily communions, more than 1240 Holy Communions. And this in a parish of about seventy-five members!

These seven little apostles have planted a devotion to the Blessed Sacrament among the students of the Ateneo which will increase and flourish with the years.

The records of these two sections of the senior and junior sodalities, are followed closely by the records of other sections almost as active. The catechism section of the senior sodality is composed of twelve zealous members. They sacrifice their time and pleasure every Sunday afternoon to go into the churches of Manila and the neighboring barrios to teach their fellow countrymen the rudiments of their Faith. It is difficult to put the result of their labors on paper, but they accomplish a permanent good and are sowing the seeds of a rich harvest.

The mission section of the junior sodality was an innovation. The boys took to it eagerly and begged for admission. Its object is to help by prayers and in a material way the poor missions conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in Mindanao. The fifteen members worked energetically, and were constantly coming to the director with new schemes they had worked out for helping the missions. They ran two moving picture shows and

realized about eighty pesos. Besides this money they sent a large amount of stamps and tinfoil and holy pictures to the missionaries in Mindanao.

There is a school for blind and deaf Filipinos near the Ateneo, and each afternoon after class two members of the junior mission section would go and read to the blind and help them spend in a pleasant way some of their long hours. Finally the junior mission section adopted one of the little blind boys and paid the expenses of all his clothing for one year, amounting to twenty eight pesos.

Besides these sections there is the Blessed Sacrament section in the senior sodality which, though it was started late in the year, succeeded in getting as many as 500 communions and 167 visits to the Blessed Sacrament in one week.

The other sodality for the boys in the grades is composed of the smaller and younger boys of the Ateneo, and consequently it is not as active as the older sodalities. However, this sodality could always be counted upon as a unit to support in a material way all the activities of the senior and junior sodalities. Many of the members of this young sodality made visits to the Blessed Sacrament. During the last few weeks of school, after Lent had begun, it was a common sight to see in the students' chapel a group of these little fellows making the Stations of the Cross together and one of their number reading the prayers for the others.

The above narration of the work done will give the readers of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS some idea of the activities of the Ateneo sodalists. The principle that quality and not quantity is desired in the members has been insisted upon. Several times during the year the ax fell upon some delinquent member, and much to his sorrow he was cut off from the sodality body.

Every encouragement is given to the boys to become members of the different sodalities. Special privileges of going off the college grounds on holidays and of excursions are granted to the sodalists. Good conduct and a passing mark in all branches of study are insisted upon. If a sodalist fails in any branch of study he is deprived of all sodality privileges for that month. If he fails two months in succession he is dropped from the sodality roll. These and other similar regulations are enforced with the result that the sodalities are a living force for better scholarship among the boys. New members are admitted from time to time, and it is made clear

to the students that any boy who is willing to observe the rules and customs of the sodality may apply for membership.

The Filipino boy makes an earnest, hardworking, zealous and devout sodalist. The way in which he took up the different works of the sodality is a strong, living argument for his future and the future of the Philippine Islands. These islands will be secure from all attacks from the enemies of its Faith if these young clients of Our Lady will keep before them in after life the threefold aim the sodality holds out to all its members, namely: "Through an ardent devotion, reverence and filial love towards the Blessed Virgin Mary, and with the protection of so good a mother, the sodality seeks to make the faithful gathered under her name good Catholics, sincerely bent on sanctifying themselves each in his state of life, and zealous as far as their condition in life permits to save and sanctify their neighbor and to defend the Church of Jesus Christ against the attacks of the wicked."

R. R. GOGGIN, S. J.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD INDIAN MISSIONARY.*

(*Continued from Vol. L, No. 3, 1921*)

In the Spring of 1887 I was sent to Pine Ridge Reservation for the purpose of starting there, as I had done at Rosebud, a Catholic Indian Mission school. Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations border on each other, though the agencies are seventy to eighty miles apart. Pine Ridge lies west of Rosebud. Up to this time, Catholics had neither school nor chapel at Pine Ridge Reservation. At Pine Ridge Agency there was a large, handsome government school, and a chapel to which a Protestant minister led the school children for divine service. I had as a companion on my first visit to this new field of missionary labors, the Bishop of Sioux Falls, Right Rev. Bishop Marty, of holy memory, under whose jurisdiction the Indian Missions of South Dakota then were, and who was also a great friend of the Indians. The last railroad

*NOTE.—These interesting recollections are taken from back numbers of *The Canisius Monthly*, Buffalo. Editor W. L.

station of the journey was at Rushwill, Nebraska. From there a mail coach ran daily to Pine Ridge Agency, a distance of about twenty-five miles. We arrived at Rushwill early in the morning, and were obliged to put up for several hours in a very poor hotel, awaiting the departure of the coach. We reached the agency about eleven o'clock. His Lordship was not feeling well, and both of us were fasting, desirous as we were to read Mass. The agent kindly accommodated us at his house, and we had all the necessary altar furniture with us. Captain Gallagher was the agent's name, and he was a good Catholic man, married to a good Catholic woman. They had three children, two boys and a girl. The agent was very friendly towards us, and offered us his best services, which we gratefully accepted. When I beheld the handsomely equipped government school, with its two hundred children, I confess that I grew somewhat fearsome. "How can we," I said to myself, "compete with this school, already so splendidly equipped, whilst ours is not yet started, and our resources are so meager?" The site for our school had already been located and selected by the same man who had chosen the site for the school at St. Francis Mission, Rosebud Reservation. It was to be built at Wounded Knee Creek, about eight miles from the agency, where the unfortunate affair with the Indians had occurred. We had not time, however, to inspect the site, as the Biphop, not feeling well, wished to return to Rushwill by the coach. Two weeks afterwards I made the journey again, this time unaccompanied. Anxious to see the site, I went by another road, alighting at the railroad station at Golden, and from there making my way to the reservation. I spent the night at the house of a white man who was married to a squaw. He knew the exact location of the site, and drove me thither next morning, and afterwards to the agent's quarters at the agency. I was not satisfied with the selection of the site, as Wounded Knee Creek contained an insufficient supply of water, and I wanted to locate my school where water was plentiful, and where I would not be exposed again to the danger of becoming a well digger. I told the agent of my dissatisfaction, and that I could not make up my mind to build my school in the place selected for me. When he heard my story, he ordered a team of horses to be harnessed, and invited me to accompany him. We drove along White Clay Creek in the direction of the White River. After we had driven about four miles,

the agent stopped his horses. "My!" I said, "what a beautiful place this is; nothing is wanted here but a castle to make of it a royal park." Before us lay a beautiful meadow, about three acres in size, and surrounded on three sides by hills. White Clay Creek almost encircled the meadow with fresh spring water, and trees and shrubs grew along its borders. "Here," said the agent, "here is where I thought the mission school should be located." Of course, I was overjoyed at the news, but I inquired at once whether there were any prospects of securing this magnificent place. An Indian had settled on the spot with his family, and had built four log cabins on the north side of the meadow at the foot of the hill. His name was White Cow Killer, and he had a daughter who was married, and a son of eighteen years who was attending the Indian School at Carlisle. "Surely," answered the agent, "we shall secure this place for you." I returned to St. Francis Mission with a heart beating with gladness at the bright prospects, and reported the success of my second visit. At the agency an old log house had already been purchased. This I occupied in about two weeks' time, at the beginning of June, together with a brother who had been given me as a builder. We lived there until we had constructed a simple wooden house on the new school site. The log cabin had only one room. Its floor was the bare earth, and its roof had a covering of sods spread over laths. The ceiling was, of course, not water-tight, so a canvas was stretched under it to hold the rain water. But the rain falling carried some of the earth attached to the sods with it, with the result that the canvas carried a considerable burden. And so it happened one night that the canvas broke away from its moorings, and emptied all its holdings on the poor brother who had his bed directly beneath it. Luckily there were no stones in the debris, so the brother escaped without any serious injury. My first endeavor was to square matters with the Indian who looked upon the place as his property. I visited him in company with an interpreter and asked him if he wanted to sell the place. He was disinclined to do so, and though he had been unable to raise any crops on the land, he said he would rather wait for the return of his son from school to hear what he would have to say. I reported my interview to the agent, who declared that we should not yield so easily. He himself entered into negotiations with him concerning the sale.

He had better success than I had. I was able to purchase four cabins from the Indian at twenty dollars apiece, and the agent offered him another piece of land which was just as serviceable to him, if not more so. But for my school, I could not have found a better or fitter site on the whole reservation. We started building at once. First we erected a small frame house near the place where it had been planned to build the new school. It was fourteen feet in width and thirty feet in length, and contained three rooms. The first, about 14x14 feet in size, was used as a chapel, and at the same time served as a dwelling and sleeping room, and as a reception chamber for more respectable callers. The second room was devoted to the kitchen, refectory and brothers' ascetory, while the room above it, under the roof, was used as a brothers' dormitory. The outside of the house was covered with tar paper. The chapel floor I had covered with an inexpensive rag carpet, a gift of Miss Katherine Drexel. The house was built very near the creek, which at that place ran ten feet deep. We dug a hole in the bank which served us for a cellar. Three brothers and I lived in this frame building from July, 1887, to July, 1888, when we moved into the new school. Very Rev. Father Behrens, the Superior of the Mission, visited us in the late fall, whilst we still lived in the frame house, and after sleeping in my room over night remarked that he could not understand how we could live in the place during the winter. Yet we did live in it, and all of us enjoyed the best of health. On the east side of the creek, on an elevation about twenty feet above the level, there was a plateau large enough to build a school, and stables for the horses and cows; fifty feet above this height there was another plateau, even more level, which was large enough for a cemetery, I had to decide which place to use for a school. As I was not an independent superior at the time, I wrote to the Superior of St. Francis Mission to come over and to decide whether the school was to be built on the meadow or on the lower plateau. He chose the meadow. I began at once to clear the ground of the bushes and brushwood which were in our way.

An old Mexican, who was married to a squaw, and who lived between us and the agency, heard of my plans and came to see me and said: "Father, I have heard that you intend to build your school on this meadow; if you do so you will make a grievous mistake, for the creek rises at times so high that it floods this entire field."

And really, after inspecting the banks of the creek, we found positive evidence of the overflow. Two years later we could observe with our own eyes how the meadow stood under water, and how, in the cornfield, our school boys gathered fishes thrown out of their channel by the spreading waters. I followed the advice of the Mexican in consequence, and built my school on the higher elevation. But I was not yet out of the woods. I was under the impression that this piece of land and the meadow across the creek formed one property. But I had scarcely begun to lay out the land for the school, when an Indian came riding furiously towards me on his pony and accosted me in this wise: "What are you doing here? Don't you know that this is my land? Get out of here, for you have no business here." I looked at him very quietly and told him to settle his troubles with the agent. But he would have nothing to do with the agent. When he saw that I was in no wise afraid of his threats, and made no attempt to move off, but wished rather to be friendly with him, he grew quieter. I invited him in to dinner, and he accepted the invitation. After that display of friendship he made no further trouble. The agent gave him another piece of land to which he withdrew, for the place he was on had absolutely no value to him. Now construction was begun in real earnest. The cellars were dug out, and the foundations were laid with stone. The building was a frame structure, but the outside was covered with brick, so that it had the appearance of a solid brick building. It was rectangular in form, the front and rear measuring about two hundred feet, and the sides one hundred and fifty feet. It was two stories high, and had an attic running over the front and side parts which was used for the children's dormitories. The building was divided into two parts from top to bottom, the Fathers and brothers and boys occupying one side of the building, and the sisters and girls the other. On the first story were, in the front and side sections, the class rooms, the playrooms and two rooms for sick children. On the second floor was the chapel, located in the centre of the building and used by the entire personnel of the house. On both sides of the chapel were small rooms, on one side for the brothers and Fathers, and on the other side for the sisters. In the inside of the building was a quadrangle in which were two small gardens with fountains and flowers. In the rear part of the building were the storerooms for both parts of the community, and above

this on the first floor was the kitchen, and on either side of the kitchen were two dining rooms for the children. On the second story were storerooms for the children's clothing and for other supplies. This rear part of the building had no attic and was not as high as the front and side parts.

The plan for the mission school had been sent to us by Miss Drexel, and was adhered to with very few exceptions of minor importance. It was constructed so practically that even Rev. Father Stephan, the director of the Catholic Indian Bureau, and the builder of St. Francis Mission School at Rosebud Agency expressed his entire approval of it. Whilst the building was in course of construction, we were honored by the visit of two distinguished persons, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor and by the foundress of the mission school, Miss Katherine Drexel. It was on this occasion that the Bishop blessed the cornerstone of the mission school. In September, 1888, the school was opened with an attendance of 150 children. This number increased day by day, and it was not long before it reached 200. The school was a contract school, of which the terms were as follows: We received from the agency provisions and clothes for the boys, and cloth for the girls. The girls' clothes were made up by the sisters themselves, and the girls were incited to assist them, and thus learn the art of sewing and dressmaking. Besides furnishing provisions and clothes, the government paid us four dollars a month for every child. Later this contract was changed, and the government gave $107 per annum for each child. This amount covered not only the entire support of the children in food and clothing, but likewise included the salaries of the teachers. Two Fathers, twelve brothers, two servants and fourteen sisters were engaged in mission work. At a government school their services would have cost five to six thousand dollars annually besides their support. We had to put in some of our own money to meet the expenses of the school, for our purpose was not to make money, but to make useful citizens and good Catholics out of the Indians. Whether we succeeded or not we leave to the judgments of those who visited our school. Agents and inspectors and others who attended our commencements, and heard and saw the accomplishments of our children, had only words of honest and honorable comment to bestow upon them. One military officer, who had visited many Indian schools, told me, after inspecting our school from

top to bottom, that he had found none in better condition.

One of my first efforts was to provide a garden in which to raise vegetables for the kitchen. I selected a place about twenty feet below the level of the school building, which could easily be irrigated by the neighboring creek. The stream ran between the garden and the meadow. In this garden we raised potatoes, corn and hay. As the bed of the creek lay six to eight feet below the garden, a conduit had to be provided and a dam erected to bring the water to the garden and to our farm. The first and second dams built were washed away by heavy floods, but we built stronger obstructions each time. This labor was really well spent, for without it our produce would have dried up during the hot summer months, whereas by its aid our cultivation was as fertile as that of California. Thus we had a plentiful supply of vegetables all the year round for our large family. During one very hot summer, when nearly all the streams and creeks on the reservation were dried up, our supplies were so plentiful that we could even sell 100 bushels of our potatoes.

One circumstance caused us considerable anxiety in the beginning, and repeatedly put our patience to the severest test. Indian children, who are accustomed to roaming freedom, find it extremely irksome to lead a regulated life. Though they were provided with everything which could make them comfortable, good food, nice, clean clothes and warm beds, yet they repeatedly, girls as well as boys, sought opportunities of running away at night, even in the winter time, when the snow was deep and the cold was intense. But little by little even this trouble was eliminated, and later on ceased altogether. To gain the friendship and confidence of the parents we used to visit them in their homes, and occasionally hold divine service in the more distant camps. At the present time chapels have been erected in all the larger camps, and Mass is read there regularly. In one of my excursions to these homes one day, I found an old tumbled down log cabin on a hill, not far from the mission. I entered, and at first thought that there was no one within. But on closer inspection I discovered in a corner what looked like a human being. Drawing nearer, I found a blind little woman, as old as the hills, clad in a few miserable rags. I have never gazed on a scene of greater misery. I went home and reported my find to Rev. Mother Kostka. The good Superior journeyed off

at once, and brought back the poor creature with her to the convent. The blind little derelict was washed, cleansed of vermin, put into clean clothes and then laid into bed. The starved, childish old woman was nursed back to life, and felt so happy that she began to sing at the top of her voice. From now on she was to have more dutiful children than she had had in the past, and they would care for her until her dying hour. Of course, we baptized her, and thus prepared her for an even pleasanter and richer home in heaven. She was with us in our school when the sad affair took place between the whites and Indians at Wounded Knee, the story of which I have told in a former article. When the sisters on all sides were urged to leave the mission, Mother Superior's greatest anxiety was aroused concerning the helpless old squaw. "No," she said, "I am going to stay right here, for who would there be to look after the poor blind old woman if we went away?" And so the sisters remained during all that fearful time. God, no doubt, remembered their self-sacrificing charity, and for it preserved our entire community from every harm. The Indians took their children out of the school during the disturbance, but no one wanted the old woman. After peace and quiet were again restored, all the children returned, and studies were resumed as before. About a year after this occurrence, I was sent back to Rosebud to build a house at St. Francis Mission for the Fathers, brothers and boys, while Father Digmann took my place as Superior of Holy Rosary Mission. Three years after, I was sent back to Holy Rosary, and Father Digmann was returned to St. Francis. During my stay at that mission two more wells had been dug, but not again by me. I remained at Holy Rosary Mission until the summer of 1896. Our missionary activities were exercised not only amongst the Indians, but amongst the whites as well. I frequently visited various settlements in neighboring Nebraska, and thus assisted the attending priest who found it impossible to cover all his territory. These missionary excursions generally lasted an entire week, and during them I was able to visit five or six different places. In some places chapels had been erected, and where chapels were wanting, I held divine service in log cabins, or in the homes of the farmers. In the summer of 1896, the Superior of the German Mission, Father Van Rossum summoned me to Boston to take charge of Holy Trinity Parish. I remained there for ten years, until 1906. From 1906 till the summer of 1910 I was chaplain of the City Hospital at Blackwell's Island, New York,

and had charge of the prison as well. Thence I was sent, in 1910, to Buffalo, where I have been engaged ever since in parish work, and where I am awaiting in patience the last summons of the good Master.

POPE PIUS XI—HIS ELECTION AND CORONATION.

After the sudden death of Pope Benedict XV, and after the papers had paid their respects to him—respects ranging in tone all the way from high esteem and admiration to ill-concealed bitterness and sarcasm—the question that occupied all minds to the exclusion of all else, was the election of his successor. The papers were in their glory, especially the anti-clericals, and they elected a new Pope at least every day. As you know, they divided the Sacred College into two parties, the transigents and the intransigents, in other words those who favored the policy of Benedict XV in encouraging pleasant relations with the Italian Government, and those who followed the lines laid down by Pius X, and held an uncompromising attitude towards the Italian State. The editors revelled in the discussion of the political opinions of the various Cardinals, and, of course, the opportunity was too Heaven-sent to omit speaking of the Jesuits. So we figured very prominently. In fact, though Cardinal Merry del Val was said to be the head of the intransigents, it was decided by the newspapers that the real "Field-Marshal" of their campaign would be Father Ledochowski, the General of the Jesuits. One of the boneheads called him Rokovonski—anything, you know, that sounded Polish. His duties as Field-Marshal, among many other things, involved the necessity of meeting all the foreign Cardinals as they came in at the depot, in order to get the first word in their ears. The General's able lieutenant was said to be Father Tacci-Venturi. It was recalled—or rather invented—that on the occasion of the last election the latter had announced, the day before the election, that Cardinal della Chiesa would be elected. So watch Tacci! To show the real power of the Jesuits in the matter the editors reminded us that the influence wielded by Father Wernz in the last election was well known, whereas as a matter of fact what was well known by all except prize idiots was that

Father Wernz had died a few hours before Pius X. All this stuff was evidently relished, because the papers kept laying it on thick. Finally, when they came out in a long article, headed by a large picture of "The Black Pope," with huge headlines, and stated, among other things, that Father Ledochowski, "though a liberal in theology, was a conservative in politics," and thereby had lined up all the members of his Order definitely behind Merry del Val with the intransigents, Father General thought it about time to put an end to the nonsense. So he decided against his invariable custom to give an interview to a reporter. He chose the worst of the papers, the *Popolo Romano*, and the interview was very faithfully printed the next day. This about put a quietus to the Jesuit bogy. Father General immediately left for Naples, as well to escape further interviews as to make it manifestly impossible for him to be intriguing with the Cardinals.

While the Conclave is on everybody in Rome goes to the Piazza of St. Peter's to watch for "the smoke." So we religiously trotted over there every morning and afternoon, because after each session the ballots are burned. The Romans boast that they can tell from the color of the smoke whether a Pope has been elected or not. This, however, like many other things, is a matter of imaginatiou. At first, though we inquired diligently, we could not discover whether it was the black or the white smoke that proclaimed a successor to the Chair of Peter. Finally, most seemed to agree that it was the white smoke. So we watched eagerly for the smoke twice a day. As soon as it appeared from the small iron chimney over the Sistine Chapel, everyone shouted "The smoke, the smoke!" Then a division of opinion arose, some yelling "It's white!" others "It's black!" For the life of me I could not decide. Every day it was the same. Finally, Monday came, an awful day, rainy, muddy, raw. We were greatly tempted to stay at home, as many did. But we feared he just might be elected that day, and then we would surely feel like complete asses, as the English say, for having gone every other day and missed that one. So we went, and thanked our good angels afterwards that we did. For when the smoke came curling out, the "whites" on the Piazza were in the majority. So nobody went home, but we all waited for the confirmation of our judgment. Minutes passed and no sign came to us on the Piazza. Some few grew discouraged and left. What decided us to remain

was a small thing. We had observed on preceding days that after each session some of the Cardinals had come to the windows of their rooms and looked out on the crowd. Today we saw no red birettas. So we stuck. Then came our reward. Some Vatican servants came out on the loggia of St. Peter's and spread the huge damask cloth used on such occasions, and then we knew we had a Pope. Who was it? What name would he choose? Persistent rumor through the Piazza had it that Cardinal Tacci was elected. In fact, it was stated, the preceding afternoon and the announcement put off till this morning. After some minutes' wait Cardinal Bisletti came out on the loggia, and after the noise had subsided, announced in the time-honored formula, *Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Habemus Papam, Cardinalem Achillem Ratti*—a roar interrupted him—*qui sibi imposuit nomen Pium Decimum Primum.* The crowd yelled and shouted. The news spread electrically through the city, and the people came streaming into the Piazza. Fifteen more minutes and then a cross-bearer came out on the loggia, a candle-bearer, a bearer of the Book of Blessings, a good many Cardinals, then the Pope. He was greeted with shouts and cries of welcome. In a loud, clear voice, without a tremor, with the greatest ease and dignity in the world, he began to intone the blessing, the people answering, *Et cum spiritu tuo, Amen, etc.* As he gave the blessing, *Urbi et Orbi,* every head was bowed, the knees that could find room were bent. As the last clear notes of his voice died away, pandemonium was unlocked. We had been standing in puddles of water for hours, with the drip of umbrellas running down our devoted necks, hedged in by thousands, inviting the Roman fly. But nobody cared. Wet, tired, hungry, happy, enthusiastic, hilarious, we fought for places on the crowded cars and came home. The great day was over.

The next big thing was the coronation. Preceding Popes had chosen to be crowned in the Sistine Chapel, and, of course, only a very chosen few were admitted. But Pius XI had already smashed precedent in coming out on the external loggia of St. Peter's to bless the people—a thing that had not been done since Pius IX—so we hoped for the best. We were not disappointed. He decided to be crowned in St. Peter's on the following Sunday. Then began a scramble for tickets. There were three kinds of tickets: *Ingresso,* that entitled the holder to get in St. Peter's; *Recinto,* that permitted him

to stand in enclosed areas in St. Peter's—these were very desirable; and *Tribuna*. These were the best, the tribunes being erected at each corner of the Pope's altar. We biennists were told we would most likely get *Tribuna* tickets. So we rested easy. However, as the days slipped by and these tickets did not materialize, we grew nervous. Rumors came to us that nobody else seemed to be getting these tickets. A panic seized us. We gave up hope of *Tribuna* and said we would be contented with a *Recinto* apiece. But it appeared impossible to secure even these. Then we felt that a simple and formerly despised *Ingresso* would satisfy our hearts' desires. Where were all the 40,000 tickets? Who had them? Apparently nobody. All the ecclesiastics we approached seemed to be as bad off as ourselves. Later on, after it was all over, we heard that the whole first impression of tickets had been stolen. Other stories are leaking out of numerous thefts of tickets as they were being sent to different parties. Cardinal Gasquet received an envelope with his tickets, gave the messenger ten lire, opened the missive, and found a piece of old newspaper. I hear that the hotels had tickets for sale, tickets of all classes. One English tourist who was unable to get in to St. Peter's on the day of the coronation on account of the crowd, told one of our Fathers he had paid sixty dollars for his ticket.

So Saturday night came, and just as we were going down to supper, Father d'Herbigny, our Prefect of Studies and Minister, handed each of us an *Ingresso*. Immediately after supper he came around and exchanged these for *Recinto* tickets. Where these had come from, we knew not. The investigation would lead us into the maze of European diplomacy, a thing that did not at all interest us. The fact was sufficient. So we clutched our precious *bigletti* tight and went to sleep with them under our pillows and the door locked.

Sunday dawned. I was in quite a quandary. One of our American biennists had been saying Mass at a poor orphan asylum, a real hole-in-the-wall, cold, damp, poverty stricken, away out beyond the walls, but he had taken the "flu" and I had volunteered to take his place. Till now I had not minded, but had rather enjoyed the morning hike through the slush and rain, but this morning it was distinctly unpleasant. As soon as I left the house I noticed something strange in the atmosphere of the city. Taxis and hacks were scooting wildly around in all directions, but mostly towards St. Peter's. Crowds on foot were headed in that direction,

but I was going in exactly the opposite direction. It was only 5.30. My Mass was scheduled for 6.15, and the doors of St. Peter's opened at 6.00. The rule in Rome is first come, first served, irrespective of value of tickets. There were only places for 40,000 (St. Peter's could not be crowded to full capacity, some room must be left for the procession and ceremonies, and some 200,000 or 300,000 wanted to get in. So figure out for yourself my predicament. Nevertheless, I made the best of it, walked fast, found that the good sisters had routed the poor kiddies out of their cold but relatively warm beds in time, said Mass, gave the Mother Superioress four tickets that I had gotten almost at the cost of my soul's salvation, cut short her tearful thanks with the advice to get to St. Peter's as fast as a car would take them, and started on my return trip.

Though I do say it myself, I made good time. The trip ordinarily takes between 25 and 30 minutes; I covered it in 15. Really, I must have looked suspicious as I sailed along, because one of a group of "cops" evidently remarked to his companions that I had perhaps committed theft, high treason or some such thing, since I heard his sergeant answer him, "No, it's just an American." My two companions were loyally waiting for me at the door and were glad for the 10 minutes gained on our schedule. As it turned out, that 10 minutes saved the day. We caught a car, arrived at St. Peter's, joined the crowd trying to get through the turnstile, suddenly found ourselves in the very midst of it, kept forging ahead steadily but slowly, walked through the files of soldiers, and entered at the main door. The Father Minister of the house was five steps behind us, and just as he got to the door it was slammed in his face.

St. Peter's was full. No more could enter. We did not discover our good fortune until after we had returned home. Had we known it, our sigh of relief would surely have been more heartfelt. But we did not have time for much sighing. The huge main aisle of St. Peter's had fences down the middle, leaving a clear space for the procession to come. Down this space went those who had *Recinto* tickets, and we marched proudly along, showing our *bigletti* to an usher every few steps. On either side of us, behind the fences, were the bearers of the miserable *Ingresso* tickets, and they were thousands. Arrived at the junction of the cross-arms of the church, where the tomb of St. Peter and the Pope's altar are, we found the five *Recinti* were in the two transepts, very

fine places, but unfortunately they were crowded. We joined the overflow, some hundreds, and stood helplessly in front of Number 4, but not for long. We were right where the procession had to march, and it was almost time. So huge Swiss Guards came and herded us like sheep along towards the altar, and our hopes rose. This was a fine spot, could we only stay here. But our hopes were shortlived. The sheep were driven through a small aisle back through the crowd into the right transept. This did not look at all good to us. It meant we would have to go away back behind the thousands standing there, back to the end of the transept, where we could see nothing. We chanced to be standing just in front of one of the tribunes, raised tiers of seats, where sat the family of the Pope, diplomats, aristocracy, etc. Just below this particular tribune, on the pavement, were two rows of benches for the overflow of the nobles, etc., from the tribune. While we were flattening ourselves out in front of these benches, endeavoring not to be driven back into that corner, one of our number happened to see a friend of his, a Canadian priest, sitting on one of these benches. Without further ado he sat down on his lap. The second of us settled down on the knees of another ecclesiastic, who turned out to be the General of a branch of the Franciscans. That left me. I didn't have the nerve to plant myself on the lap of an entire stranger, but I had to get somewhere, and quickly. No one was allowed to stand there long, and the ushers and guards were lynx-eyed and numerous. But help was at hand. Our good angels had not yet abandoned their "foolish Americans." A Milanese Countess, with her husband and daughter, was sitting in the second row. Seeing my predicament she very kindly offered me a camp stool which she had brought for a possible emergency. I very gratefully accepted it, sat down and tried to look as if I belonged there. The ushers looked askance at us more than once, but when they saw us conversing amiably with the General of the Franciscans and the Countess, whom they all knew, and by whom they were delighted to be recognized, they all gave us up and molested us no further. I have a sneaking suspicion that another reason for their leaving us in peace was the fact that the ceremonies were about to commence, and they were glad to see us settled anywhere out of the way.

We were barely comfortably seated when the silver trumpets announced that the procession was entering the

rear of the Basilica. Preceded by the Bishops and Cardinals, and borne on his sedia gestatoria, the Pope was carried in from the Vatican entrance and went direct to the Chapel of St. Gregory in the rear of the church, where the Cardinals paid him their homage and where he was vested for Mass. Of course, being up in front we did not see this part of the proceedings. So I took occasion to look around me and see what I could see.

None but a Macaulay could properly describe the scene that met my gaze. From our wonderful point of vantage I could look down the vast nave, to the main entrance, forward to the large space between the Pope's altar to the sanctuary and the Papal Throne. back through both transepts, up to the towering dome of Michael Angelo above our heads. Everywhere there was a sea of faces, thousands and thousands. Along the clear space in the main aisle stood files of the Papal Palatine Guard, in their smart uniforms and jaunty caps that somehow reminded me of the French soldiers of the days of 1870-1. Here and there, over the heads of the crowd, the glint of the sun on steel helmets told of the presence of one of the Swiss Guard in his multi-colored uniform and suit of mail, with an immense two-handed sword or halberd in his hand. Just in front of us, around the altar, were drawn up two companies of the Noble Guard in their gorgeous uniforms of scarlet coat and white trousers, gilded helmets, with horsehair plumes, and flashing sabres—members of the Italian aristocracy, glad to serve the Vicar of Christ as his special guard. All around through our central space moved Papal Knights of St. Gregory, Knights of the Cap and Sword and other Papal orders, dressed in sombre black court costume, short breeches, ruffs round their necks, light rapiers at their side, their medals and insignia shining on their breast. Back over the heads of the multitude, commanding the strategic points, like mighty oaks towered the bearskin shakos of the gigantic Papal Gendarmes, tremendous men of brawn and bone in blue coat and spotless white trousers, with gilt bandoliers across their chests, from which hung great clanking sabres. These are the Pope's own, picked men, to be relied on in an emergency, and a word from these silent giants makes a mob jump to obey.

My survey was just over when the shouts from the rear told us that the Pope was touring the church on his sedia gestatoria. As he passed us I got a good look at him. He appears to be of about my own height, sturdy,

thick-set, with cheeks ruddy with health. His face, with the mitre set low down on his forehead, was strong, with large nose, well designed jaw. It may have been due to the fatigue of the past days, which must have been very great, but to me his face looked grim, but kindly withal, grim, I imagine, with the thought of the tremendous responsibilities he was assuming, the *solicitudo omnium ecclesiarum*, responsibilities that reach to the ends of the earth over 300,000,000 souls, nay, that stretch out into eternity. It is almost a terrifying thought. The Pope's chair was lowered in front of the altar. He descended, went up the altar and commenced the Mass. During it the Sistine Choir, in the balcony just over my head, sang beautifully. In such an edifice as St. Peter's, and in such a vast multitude, it is impossible to expect perfect silence, and during the whole ceremony there was a distinct hum of many whispers as one asked his neighbor some question about the ceremonies or some dignitary. But when the moment of consecration came, I saw a sight I will never forget. As the Pope raised the Sacred Host in front of him, to the right, then to the left, for our adoration, a silence that was almost audible fell over that vast throng, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, and every head was bowed in reverence, and every knee that could find space was bent in worship, while from the mighty dome over our heads the silver trumpets gave out the sweetest music I have ever heard. It was a thrilling moment, of greatest enthusiasm, deep-hearted loyalty and living faith in Christ and His Vicar.

The Mass over, the simple ceremony of coronation took place just in front of the confession of St. Peter. Here, in the presence of the Fisherman seated on his sedia gestatoria on a small raised platform, he was crowned with the sign of triple sovereignty, the Papal Tiara. Cardinal Bisletti, dean of the Cardinal deacons, was sick, so the next Cardinal deacon performed the ceremony. This was the sole Jesuit Cardinal, Cardinal Billot. I was surprised the papers did not jump at this fact and triumphantly state that all their accusations were justified by the event, and that the Black Pope had crowned the White Pope through his emissary.

We all headed for the door, and in a short time were out in the Piazza, where we found some 150,000 who had been unable to get in, though many of them had tickets. They were clamoring for the Pope, and had waited all during the long hours. The Pope did not forget them.

With a graciousness proportionate to his extreme weariness he acceded to their demands, and again came out on the external balcony, with his tiara on his brow, surrounded by his Cardinals, and again blessed the people, and again his heart was cheered by the full-lunged cries and enthusiastic plaudits that rolled and swelled and reverberated through the Piazza. It was 1.30. We had been there since 7.30, with only two mouthfuls of hot coffee in our stomachs, but we had witnessed the most marvellous scene on earth that impressed the beholder not alone with its unparalleled magnificence and splendor, but much more with the conviction that behind this splendor and magnificence is a power, the mightiest on earth, a spiritual and supernatural power that binds 300,000,000 of souls and hearts to the Pope in unequalled love and devotion.

We were well content, and I hope you will be with this brief and inadequate description. You must see it to appreciate it.

JOHN G. HYNES, S. J.

THE NOVICES' HOSPITAL TRIAL

DEAR FATHER EDITOR,
P. C.

Those who are familiar with the life of the early Fathers of the Society, and with the training of its first members, will recall how, on their arrival in a city, they went at once to the public hospital and took up lodging there, and how they spent the time not occupied in the ministry serving the sick, and that this practice was later developed into one of the "experiments" of the novitiate in which all aspirants to the vows of the Society were required, if possible, to spend a month. But now-a-days, in these times of our huge, highly organized hospitals, how can such procedure be followed? The purpose of this letter is briefly to indicate how this "hospital trial" is carried out by the novices at St. Andrew-on-Hudson at the present time.

A hospital today is a very complicated institution, and practically all the services rendered in it are so highly specialized as to be as a rule unsuited for the purposes of novitiate experiments; as for the ordinary work classed as unskilled labor, the novices get plenty of that in their own novitiate; while the constant tension and round of

nervous activity is very foreign to conserving that spirit of recollection expected of a novice, and to the maintenance of which the interior discipline of his own house is directed. Hence it was that the Master of Novices was obliged to cast about for some time before discovering a satisfactory substitute, which he finally found in the summer of 1918—St. Joseph's Home for the Aged, at 183rd Street and Belmont Avenue, New York City, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor. A somewhat similar experiment had been maintained by the old Frederick Novitiate at a home for the aged in Washington, the novices making their headquarters at Georgetown; but many years before the novitiate was moved, in 1902, to Poughkeepsie, the hospital trial was discontinued. Permission for the experiment at the Poughkeepsie Novitiate, under the conditions outlined by the Master of Novices, was obtained early in 1919. All the necessary arrangements having been made, the first pair of novices were sent from Poughkeepsie to the home on February 14, 1919; they were to stay on trial two weeks, and to live at the Jesuit novitiate at Yonkers, N. Y., going to and from the home every day except Sundays. In August, 1919, the length of the trial was extended to a full month; but aside from this, its details have not been materially changed, as may be seen by a perusal of the diary of the experiment kept by one of the men every day. In addition to the two men from the Poughkeepsie Novitiate, a novice from the Yonkers Novitiate is also assigned to the trial, so that three men are kept at the home continually, Christmas and summer vacations alone excepted.

As is usual in the novitiate, notice of assignment to the trial is given to the novice at the last possible moment, usually around supper time the night before, giving him time to pack enough clothes for a month and make his farewells to his brothers. The next morning, about nine o'clock, he gets his instructions and blessing from Father Master, grasps his suit case and starts afoot for the railroad station about three miles away. He is not very well supplied with the goods of this world, having in his pocket the family commutation ticket belonging to the Master of Novices, which he is to deliver to the man whose place he is taking, and fifteen cents in cash, preferably in pennies. He gets off the train at 125th Street Station, and takes the 3rd Avenue "L" north to 183rd Street, making his noon examination of conscience as best he can en route. Walking a couple of

blocks east of 183rd Street he finds the Home for the Aged, making his appearance about twelve-thirty to his brothers, who are eagerly expecting him. After dinner, in company with his brothers and the Superior of the Sisters, he makes a tour of the house in order to get his bearings and to meet the people with whom he is to deal. He is in a large, modern, five-story building, as fire-proof as can be made, and designed according to the usual form of such institutions, a square, open in the back; east wing for the women's quarters, west for the men's, and a large chapel between them. About two hundred and fifty inmates can be accommodated, and the quota is usually complete, there being rather more women than men. Up to the capacity of the house, the sisters will take in any man or woman over sixty years of age, without distinction as to race, color or creed, provided he or she is not able to earn a living outside and has no one to look to for support. The sisters are absolutely independent of the municipal authorities, both for their inmates and for their support. They subsist completely on charity, and their black, covered wagon is a familiar sight in the Bronx as it takes two of the sisters around to one place or another to beg supplies or money from charitable families or business men. The organization of the home is that of a family; it is in fact based on the family *par excellence*, that of Nazareth; and all the official documents of the sisters, and all the signs, etc., about the house are prefaced by the initials J. M. J. The Superior of the Sisters is always called *Good Mother*, and she and her *Sisters* act the part of older members of the family towards their *younger* brothers and sisters of sixty and over. Hence it is that all are so happy. The place has a *soul*. It is not an institution (as municipally conducted places of similar nature are so apt to be), but really a *Home*. Such is the destination of the novice who is assigned to the "hospital trial" for a month. By following his round of duties for a day we can get a good idea of the nature of the training offered him; the impressions he gets will be discussed later on.

After his tour of the house the new arrival will probably spend the rest of the afternoon exchanging bits of news with his brothers, and at four o'clock he leaves the house for the Yonkers Novitiate, not without bidding farewell to his brother whose place he is taking. The trolley ride to Yonkers lasts from an hour to an hour and

a half; for a while the street scenes, etc., etc., interest the newcomer, but after a few days he takes no more notice of them than does any other commuter; however, strange as it may seem, these long trolley rides have a certain disciplinary value, as will be indicated shortly. On his arrival at the Yonkers Novitiate our novice is given a warm welcome by his brothers there; he is assigned to a desk, bed and washstand, and during the evening recreation he has a chance to meet his brother-novices about whom he has heard, but perhaps none of whom he has ever met personally. From the time he arrives here until his departure the next morning he follows the same order of day as the other novices. Everything is strange to him at first, of course, for the Yonkers Novitiate is nothing but a private house converted as well as possible to the purposes of a novitiate, while St. Andrew's is a huge place designed especially for this purpose. About nine-fifteen in the morning our "trial man," with his two companions, takes the car for the home, which is reached about ten-fifteen or ten-thirty, one change of cars being necessary. Each one of the three takes a turn at being "Senior," who pays the fare and carries the watch. Arrived at the home, the novices put on their habits and go in search of the sister, who is assistant to the Good Mother, as she assigns them the work of the day—usually either work around the house, such as washing windows, painting, sweeping, glazing, etc., or else work on the old men themselves, i. e., shaving or "pedes." If there is housework to be done, overalls are substituted for the habits, and the novices take their paint pots or brooms and fall to work until eleven-thirty, when they make their noon examination of conscience for fifteen minutes, one of them leaving a little early to bring up the dinner, which is already prepared by the sisters, and to which the novices do full justice. This duty being attended to, two of them go down to the dining room to help serve the old men's dinner. Grace before the meal is said by "Good Mother" or "Sister Assistant," and ends with the cheery salutation, "Good afternoon, gentlemen!" a delightful touch that seems never to fail in charming cordiality. After one of the novices has said the grace after dinner, he and his companions retire to the chapel where they say together the daily prayers customary in the novitiate; then two of them go out to the smoking room and chat with the old men until 1.25 P. M. The conversations are sometimes very interesting, and as varied as the characters of the men themselves. With

one you may hear about international politics; with another the proper way to mix a cocktail; one will quote Tom Moore and Samuel Lover; while another more erudite than the rest will discuss the grammatical constructions in the Hebrew of the Book of Job or in the Greek of the Apocalypse; while still others confine their remarks to "yea, yea" and "nay, nay." One would naturally expect that many very interesting life stories would come to light while talking with these men, but although most of them seem willing to answer direct questions about their past history, few, or we might say, none, will volunteer information about it; and in view of the fact that to most of them life has presented its seamy side, a good deal more tact than that possessed by the average novice is required to solicit and to obtain histories which in most cases they would be glad enough to consign to oblivion. During these conversations, too, some slight opportunity is given for the novices to sow a little of the proverbial good seed, particularly among the non-Catholic element, although here, again, unusual tact is required, and the novices usually count on their good example as a more potent factor toward conversion than the spoken word, for after a man has viewed life for some sixty years from some given standpoint, or in many cases, from no definite standpoint at all, it is not easy for a mere novice to get him to alter it, especially in view of the fact that even the daily eloquent sermon on the fertile charity of the Catholic Church, voicelessly preached by the example of the Little Sisters, produces no greater desire for perfection in all but a handful than that of living a good, quiet, peaceable life. It seems undoubted, however, that several conversions have been directly traceable to the example and instructions of the novices. At 1.30 P. M., the rosary is said in common in the men's dining room, the women's dining room and the women's infirmary, each novice leading the prayers in one or another of these rooms; this is followed by a short talk or catechetical instruction adapted to the audience, taking care to draw practical applications that will be of use without, at the same time, being too personal. The old people are very appreciative, and there is many a "God bless you, Brother!" to be heard after each talk. These spiritual functions being attended to, the novices resume their painting, sweeping or whatever else they are doing, until about 4 P. M., when it is time to get ready to leave. Almost always they find on their table a tray with a "haustus" of

coffee and cookies. About 4.25 P. M., they catch a northbound car on Southern Boulevard that brings them home around 5.30 P. M., in time for evening meditation. Towards the end of each week, usually Friday and Saturday, shaving is in order. Off the men's dining room there is a small, well-lighted room that contains two regular barber outfits, safety razors or "straights," according to each one's intrepidity or previous experience on himself. Some of the old men are shaved by a barber from a neighboring shop, who makes weekly visits to the house, but most of them submit to the ministrations of "the Brothers," possibly with the idea of gaining a great deal of merit by the ordeal. Considering the circumstances it is surprising how successful the novices are in this work. The men's beards are always of at least a week's growth, their faces often tender, the razors dull, the water cold more often than not, and worst of all, the faces of the unfortunate patients present hollows and ridges and creases and folds that complicate matters so badly that it is safe to say that few, if any barbers, have to deal with so formidable a clientele. And yet some very presentable work is done, and complaints are rare, although sometimes some poor old man will squirm a bit under the torture and beg the brother to use a sharper blade. Haircutting also is done here, and at times such fancy work as trimming mustaches, beards and even eyebrows. At least once during the month, and sometimes oftener, the *pièce de resistance* of the trial is introduced. This is *pedes*, or washing the feet. On these occasions foot tubs are brought to the barber shop, together with plenty of hot water, soap, etc., not forgetting various implements for the exercise of chiropody, and the novices literally get down to business for the afternoon. We think that the details of this duty may be left to the imagination of the reader, except that he must be cautioned that it is not nearly as bad as it might be, as few of the men go about enough to require very much attention, unless we except those working in the boiler-room, on whom a scrubbing brush is in order.

With the mention of *pedes* the enumeration of the novices' duties is complete, and it would be well now to discuss the opportunities offered him for practicing generosity and self-abnegation, and also the impressions he takes from his experiences. After reading the diary of the experiment since it was started, and making inquiries among the men, both at St. Andrew's and Yonkers,

who have had it, we feel safe in saying that the salient impression taken by the novices is of the magnificent work done by the Little Sisters of the Poor. They treat the old people as they would their own parents; they stop at nothing in performing all manner of services for their charges, most of which are pretty menial and repugnant, too, many of which the novices do not see, and all with the tenderness and cheerfulness of a mother and the cordiality of a hostess. Sometimes novices get the idea that they are doing the Lord a great favor by merely going through the motions of the life prescribed for them, and that their duties are so terribly hard and repugnant to nature and mortifying—and so on! They see, when they have the opportunity presented to them by this trial, that they are only amateurs; they are only playing with service. These women are *living* it; they make a special business of it. Work that is assigned the novices only once or twice in the course of their *trial* to give them a special chance to practice humility and self-abnegation is to the sisters simply the daily routine connected with a life all of whose burdens they have with full deliberation and freedom of choice taken upon themselves at the invitation of Him who said: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to me." (Matthew xxv, 40). Perhaps the best summary of this salient impression was expressed by a certain chaplain, who, on completing a tour of inspection of the house, remarked aside to one of the novices: "What chance will we have on the last day if our work is compared with what these women are doing!" And yet if there is any one thing that makes the sisters actually indignant it is to have anything of this sort mentioned to them. They have such a clear and well-grounded idea of the full meaning of their *vocation* that such traditional views of those whose generosity is less complete than their own cease to be intelligible, and the novices, whose realization of this full meaning is, at such an early stage of their religious life, usually very incomplete, cannot fail to take from their experience a powerful stimulus to use greater efforts, and to aim for a higher grade of generosity than they did before.

Strange as it may seem to an outsider, neither the disciplinary value of this experiment nor its productiveness of new impressions for the novices are confined solely to the precincts of the home and the novitiate at Yonkers, for in this regard, the daily trip from one to the other may by no means be neglected. And this, because after a

career more or less extensive "in the world," the novice, during his first year of training is restricted as closely as possible to the environment of the novitiate, any little trips to the city being only in connection with his Sunday school classes or visits to the dentist, and so on, whence, of course, his communication with the world outside is of a very slender description. Transported into an entirely different atmosphere, removed almost completely from his former school or business associations, he has an excellent opportunity for turning his forces *inwards*, and for redirecting the current of his life into new channels suggested by frequent spiritual conferences and by pondering well the motives presented to him during the month spent in the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius In short, his entire viewpoint on life is shifted, or, to speak more correctly, if he is an older man, he is still engaged in a conscious effort *to* shift it to those grounds which he now knows to be the only ones for him, or if he is only a youngster, as yet unformed, this new viewpoint becomes *his* at once since he has not very many contrary ones to get rid of. This in his first year of novitiate; and then in his second year he is assigned, let us say, to the hospital trial. It is his first chance to view the world outside according to his new standards, the first experience of how it feels to be "in the world but not of it." The world, he finds, has not changed much—automobiles, trolley cars, "L" lines, and pedestrians are still moving; chimneys are still smoking, and according to the headlines of the paper his next neighbor in the car pushes in his face, people are still getting murdered and divorced. About the only new thing he notices is a fresh crop of motion picture actors, whose histrionic powers are set forth upon the billboards in letters ten feet high. It is the same old world, the pleasures and allurements of which he was himself, eight chances out of ten, eagerly engaged in not so very long ago. And he? To tell the truth, he finds he is not changed so much, either. The attraction for all this is still with him, and if he imagines that the "S. J." after his name protects him, he is soon disillusioned. There is no trouble while he is at the novitiate or at the home, but here on the car, that is another story. Things and people that before he would stare at and comment about to his companions, he now simply averts his gaze from. He looks at the matter sensibly enough; if he has resolved to embrace a manner of life that is incompatible with this sort of thing, what is the use of putting him-

self in the way of *returning* to it again? So he adopts as the best and most sensible principle to work on the one of St. Gregory, *Intueri non decet quod non licet concupiscere.* If anyone thinks that all this is perfectly natural and simple for a live young American of the present day, which the novice most emphatically does *not* cease to be, just because of the "S. J." after his name, let him try it himself and see. . . . And then let him consider what the Little Sisters of the Poor are doing.

In conclusion, we can indeed think of no more fitting way of bringing this letter to a close than by re-iterating our heartfelt appreciation of the work of these same sisters. In daily contact with human misery and its results, which many of the novices see here for the first time, they are, notwithstanding, superbly confident in human nature and keenly attuned to the good qualities of their charges, which to outsiders are sometimes far from apparent; buoyantly happy and cheerful, although with absolutely nothing of earthly consolation or reward; limited by their constitutions to the barest necessities for themselves, yet nothing is too good for the old people, nor is the house management any the less worthy of efficient business women, nor is its neatness and cleanliness any the less perfect. What with the inspiration of such examples of generosity and patience as are presented them during their sojourn with the Little Sisters of the Poor, the novices cannot fail to look back to the hospital trial as one of the most fruitful, and certainly the most enjoyable, of their 24 months of noviceship, and cannot fail to return to St. Andrew's with a renewed fervor in doing the Lord's work, and with a better realization of what a high degree of generosity is expected of them in His service for Whom both are laboring, the ones in such a practical, whole-souled fashion, the others in their still stumbling and feeble way, but both *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*

FRANCIS G. POWER, S. J.

THE DIARY OF A PHILIPPINE MISSIONARY.

(*Continued from Vol. L, No. 3, 1921*)

The long, monotonous days that followed were interrupted three times a day by the event which most of the passengers considered the principal excitement of the day, the dinner gong. But of course, we Jesuits regarded this break, as we always do in our own houses, somewhat in the light of a necessary community duty. And we all acted like dutiful religious, usually finding ourselves the first arrivals in the dining room. Three tables were reserved for our party in an inconspicuous part of the room, which arrangement made us feel more comfortable than we otherwise would have felt, had we been placed in the midst of the fashionable throng that graced the tables. While we refreshed ourselves with the contents of a very elaborate menu, disguised beyond all knowing by its French suffixes, a Filipino orchestra would let the soul, too, have its refreshment; and while electric fans sent cooling breezes over the tables, set with a formidable array of silver and tastefully decorated with flowers and Japanese greens, innumerable Chinese waiters would dart in and out, administering to our needs.

Nothing so exciting as a storm even once occurred to break the peaceful tenor of our way. The long, graceful swells of the Pacific were hardly ruffled, except on one day, when a stiff wind made travelling just a little unsteady, causing some of the less experienced seamen in our party to miss a meal or two—only a "safety first" measure, as they declared, although perhaps the facts of the case, if fully known, might reveal a different tale. But for the most part we kept our seaman's legs, and enjoyed the sports of the boat, deck-tennis and shuffle board; nor did we altogether neglect our intellectual pursuits, although at no time was there any indication of broken heads anywhere in our midst. Many were insistent upon the fact that, it being the custom of the Society to insist upon her subjects taking a well-earned vacation after the strenuous work of the school year, we should not be too forward in departing from our considerate mother's wise custom, even to the extent of spending too much time at Spanish study.

If our trip be considered as the villa season, certainly

it was the coolest one we had ever experienced. The passage was exceedingly cold and damp. For a week or more the course lay up around 50 degrees latitude not far from the Aleutian Islands, off the coast of Alaska; yet this would not have been so very disagreeable, had the sun only shone brightly. The sun, however, favored us but one day throughout the whole voyage across the ocean, that being on the very last day before sighting the shore of Japan. But though the sun did not shine, nevertheless the morning of each day was brightened for each one of us by the celebration of Holy Mass. Not once was a single priest denied the happiness of celebrating the Divine Mystery, not once was a scholastic deprived of the reception of his loving Lord in Holy Communion. Far out there on the bosom of the trackless sea one priest said a public Mass each morning for the Catholics on board, while the others offered up the Holy Sacrifice in their own state rooms, converting one of the cabin tables into a temporary altar. Meditation, examen, litanies and the other exercises of religious life were observed likewise, so that one might consider our good ship "Empress of Asia" a very edifying and devout religious house of the Society, at least so far as we were concerned. There were many Protestants on board, some of whom were heard to express their admiration of our reserve and deportment; and many of these Protestants, too, expressed a desire to attend Sunday Mass, so that it was thought best to have a *quasi Missa Cantata*, the scholastics furnishing the music for the occasion by the rendition of some well-known hymns of the Church. Though the quality of the singing perhaps may have left something to be desired, the intention certainly was good and, let it be hoped, made up for deficiencies. Most of the congregation was composed of Filipinos, who were returning to their country after a course of higher studies in our large universities in the East. Many of these young men were soon to occupy influential positions in the Philippines as lawyers, doctors, teachers and politicians, and it was disheartening to discover that some of them had lost the precious heritage of their faith while in America, due to contact with our Protestant institutions. There were, it is true, many exemplary Catholics among them, but one cannot help feeling that everyone of them could have been kept in the Faith, if only some attention had been paid to their needs by Catholics in our large cities. Americans might well follow the example of the Knights of Columbus in Seattle, who have

established a Filipino Club, the object of which is to provide for the temporal and social needs of the students from the Philippines. If they were thus provided for everywhere, we should see a class of men returning to the islands who would be champions of their Catholic principles rather than disseminators of Masonic free-thought.

We kept constantly on our course, each day covering about 400 miles; and day followed day without interruption of any kind to break the monotony of the voyage. At last, about six o'clock on the morning of the Fourth of July, we sighted the shore of Japan. The Fourth of July—what an auspicious day for the entrance of so many American missionaries into the Orient! And now all was excitement on board; that joyous sensation which only those who have made an ocean voyage can experience, took possession of everyone. Japan, that mysterious fairy land of our childhood fancies, was a reality at last; here was the great harbor of Yokohama opening up before us; there in the distance stood the snowy peak of Fujiyama looming up in the morning sky like a fleecy cloud against the blue firmament, while all about us scurried strange little craft with single sails, partially propelled by a long oar, manipulated from the stern by brown-skinned Orientals. We could hardly wait to get on shore. But it was only after much "red tape" and Japanese officiousness in the examination of passports, inspection by police and health officers, etc., that we finally were permitted to set foot on dry land.

At the dock we were met by two of our Fathers from the Catholic University of Tokio, one of them being a former member of the St. Louis Province. Of course, we all wanted to ride in jinrickshas right away, and so, after bartering with drivers for a low price, we all climbed into our chairs of state; and it was a novel sight to see the cavalcade of Jesuits being pulled through the streets of Yokohama by little ricksha men, who kept up a brisk dog-trot all the way to the railroad station, a ten minutes' ride from the boat landing. But there was one catastrophe on the way. The driver who was pulling Father Byrne suddenly took it into his head to strike, and refused to go another inch until he received a higher price, whereupon five or six other drivers, who had lagged behind the rest, immediately followed suit. Unfortunately, the priests from Tokio had been given all our Japanese money, so there was nothing left for Father Byrne and party to do but to walk the rest of the way to the station.

In the meantime, others of the party, expecting that their guides would follow close behind, had boarded the train for Tokio. Not having any more definite idea of their destination in mind than Tokio and the university, and not knowing one word of Japanese, they had to make their wants known in a very primitive way, and only after great difficulty did they succeed in being directed to the university. When the tram car stopped at the university, however, it was discovered that a mistake had been made. They were at the Imperial University of Tokio. A certain professor there knew a little English, and he very kindly consented to be our guide to our proper destination, so two taxis were hired, and the eight separated brethren were driven for about an hour through the heart of Tokio, far out into its most crowded section, where the car could pass only with great difficulty along the narrow streets. Native children in all sorts of dress and undress ran after our cars, sleepy storekeepers from the dark interiors of their funny little shops, piled high with a varied assortment of uninviting looking wares, craned their necks to see us pass, while all the time our horn was kept continually honking in an endeavor to stir some lazy ox-cart from the middle of the road, or to make a passageway through a throng of chattering natives. An intensely interesting and amusing experience it was, but we soon saw that we were getting nowhere in particular, and finally our guide admitted that he was lost. Our watches pointed to four o'clock, and as the ship was to sail at six, there was only one thing to be done—to turn about and make our way back to the railroad station.

On the way back, our machine carried us past the Imperial Palace and through the beautiful park and boulevard surrounding it, and finally brought us to the station. Upon arriving there, our friend, the professor, who was courtesy and kindness personified, expressed his great grief at not being able to find our university for us; he then proceeded to arrange a price with the taxi driver, after which he bade us good-bye with much bowing and smiling. For all his attention and courtesy we felt extremely grateful until the following day, when we received a telegram at Kobe: it was from our dear professor, asking for ten *yen* ($5 in our money), which, he said, we had failed to pay his driver. How this mistake was made still remains a mystery, but for the sake of peace we forwarded the desired amount, although we paid the driver twelve dollars for automobile hire the

day before. Our ideas of Japanese courtesy underwent somewhat of a change.

Upon leaving the taxis and entering the Tokio Station, our attention was attracted to a group of priests, in whose midst one tall, aristocratic looking figure stook out pre-eminently. He was dressed in *soutane*, and wore a high hat and possessed all the ear marks of a Catholic Bishop. A surprise was in store for us. The distinguished looking individual proved to be none other than the celebrated Archbishop Mannix of Australia, who was touring the East and had stopped for the day at Tokio. When we had introduced ourselves, we learned to our great delight that he was taking the same train as we, and so it was our privilege to act as a little body guard to His Grace all the way to Yokohama. As he chatted pleasantly with us, we were just congratulating ourselves and rejoicing to think that we would have an experience which the others of our party would have to miss, when the train stopped and in walked the rest of our number, the ones who had reached our own university at Tokio. Chance was working over time in our favor that day. The whole world, not to mention the immense City of Tokio, was not large enough to keep this worthy son of Ireland and the United States missionaries separated that afternoon.

The others, in the meantime, had gone to our university, where they had been pleasantly entertained at lunch and had inspected the institution, a modern building, not so very large as yet, situated in a good locality of the city, after which they had made a little tour around town. It is hard to say which of the parties had had the more interesting experience.

When we again reached the boat landing in Yokohama, we learned that the steamer would not sail until nine o'clock. This was a fortunate delay, since it enabled us to view a wonderful display of fireworks in the harbor, given in honor of American Independence Day. Beneath the beautiful star-lit canopy of the heavens, hundreds of little barks, dimly lighted with Japanese lanterns, glided silently through the dark waters like so many fire-flies, while gorgeous rockets and colored set-pieces were being set off in the harbor. It was a scene that fully realized even our most extravagant notions and ideals of the Orient, and as we went to sleep that night, we felt for the first time that indefinable sensation, the lure of the East.

Kobe was our next stop. The ship arrived in port

about six o'clock next evening, enabling the passengers to get a good view of a Japanese city by night, when the life of Japan is at its height. The stores were all open, displaying the most attractive trinkets to the curio collector; people flocked through the little streets by thousands, and our ears were deafened by the clap clap of wooden sandals on the pavement. One place along the main street especially attracted the attention of the travelers. It was a place, somewhat resembling one of our public markets, where every imaginable article, from dry goods to gold fish, was offered for sale. Here one is bewildered by the never ceasing cries of the venders, the clatter of the wooden shoes, the sight of the strange, many-colored garbs, the subdued lights of the lanterns, and the queer, mystic atmosphere that seems to pervade everything. And strangest of all was it to behold in the very midst of all this buying and selling a Shinto temple, adorned in cheap splendor, before which from time to time a heathen worshipper would stand, clap his hands to attract the attention of the god, bow his head for a moment in prayer, then drop a coin into a slot and depart. It gave one a queer sensation, partly of revulsion, partly of pity, to see this exhibition of heathen worship. How such a sight must have stirred the zeal of a Xavier!

The next stage of our journey took us through the picturesque inland Sea of Japan; past rugged volcanic slopes, covered with graceful Japanese pines, past tiny doll villages of a few houses with quaint thatched roofs and queerly pointed gables; past snug little harbors, filled with innumerable fishing smacks, idly rocking on the deep, blue waters; now and then we would pass a light house nestled on the side of a mantling precipice, pure white against the green background of trees; and at times we approached so near the land that we could catch the sweet notes of the birds, which "let their illumined beings o'erflow with the deluge of summer they received." Over all this scene a brilliant sun poured down its warm radiance out of an almost cloudless sky, and meanwhile there came stealing over the senses a dreamy, mysterious peace, with an only half-conscious appreciation of the heavenly beauty of the spot where the Almighty Hand of the Creator has strewn with divine prodigality His most precious jewels over the lap of nature.

Before our very eyes was the scene of St. Francis Xavier's labors, and in a few hours more we were tread-

ing that same ground which was sanctified by the blood of our martyred saints. Nagasaki! What emotions are aroused in every Jesuit's heart by the sound of that name! But ours was the privilege of visiting the city, so renowned in Christian annals, and of spending some hours there. The first place of pilgrimage was the little Church of the Discovery, where the group of Christians, whose ancestors had kept the traditions of the Faith through preceding generations for three centuries, were discovered. It stands upon one of the hills overlooking the city, just opposite the scene of persecution, and leading up to it is a flight of many steps. Climbing these we peered into the dim interior of the church with eyes filled with reverence and awe; we knelt, then, and prayed long and earnestly, our hearts brimful of thanksgiving for the miracle of love that had been wrought there; we prayed before the wooden statue of Our Lady of Japan, the sacred possession of the secret Christians for three hundred years; we stood on the very spot where these same Christians first made known their identity to the French missionaries, and as we tarried there, the atmosphere of the place seemed familiar, and a sense of proprietorship took possession of us. It was the spirit of Xavier that pervaded the place.

The French missionaries, some twenty in number, are very well established. They have erected a seminary for the natives, where at present there are a good number of Japanese students studying for the priesthood; and, besides this, they conduct a school for children, which ranks superior to the government school. Two of the Fathers, acting as guides, took us through the city and up the steep ascent, leading to the Hill of Martyrs, as it is called even by the heathens. Where once the great Church of St. John the Baptist stood to commemorate the heroic scene of Christian history, there now stands a Brahmin temple, the ancient church having been converted into a place of heathen worship. Though the spot is well marked to commemorate the event, it is completely covered by the temple, so that we were unable to see anything which was of great interest to us, except a certain well, connected with which there is an interesting bit of tradition. Into this well, it is said, the statue of the Blessed Virgin was thrown at the time of the persecution, in order to save it from desecration at the hands of the Japanese. Now, according to the Brahmins, if anyone lies prostrate during the whole night with head towards the well, angry voices

may be heard proceeding from the depths of the cistern. One of the French priests desiring to substantiate the story once asked permission to spend the night at the well, but was refused by the heathen priests. This story, true or false, only goes to show the deep religious significance of the whole surroundings, even in the minds of the pagans, who still feel a kind of awe and reverence for the memory of the Christian heroes, martyred on this hill.

This exact spot, however, was not the actual place of martyrdom. The authentic location lies about a quarter of a mile beyond, reached by a winding up hill path, which leads past some very squalid dwellings, where everything combines to give offense to each particular sense, until finally the summit of a high precipice is reached. Here, overlooking what is now a thickly populated portion of the city, is located the historic spot, not more than 500 yards square, and entirely bare of habitation. For although hundreds of houses lie huddled all about, yet here the natives, out of superstition, refuse to live, imagining that the spirits of the Christian victims would bring them misfortunes, should they build their homes on this ground. Perhaps it may be that Divine Providence is saving the spot for the site of a future church, which will serve to attract the attention of all Japan to its religious significance. Very likely this place of pilgrimage some day will be the means of increasing the 12,000 Christian souls of the near vicinity a hundred fold. Who can tell? To us, at any rate, the sacred locality was a sanctuary, and there was one pair of lips, at least, that touched the ground in reverence.

Leaving here and winding our way down the *via crucis martyrum* we crossed over the city once more and visited the Cathedral, and were impressed by its simple but tasteful and solemn interior, where prominent among its statues stands the figure of St. Francis Xavier. The patron of the diocese, however, is not St. Francis, but St. Michael, the Archangel. It seems that St. Francis first dedicated the islands to St. Michael, and so the heavenly patron still remains protector of Japan. Not far from the Cathedral, on another hill, stands the Christian village, numbering some 10,000 souls; it is a model village, and Christian to the core, yet only an oasis in the great desert of paganism all around. A very beautiful church has been erected here to commemorate the spot where the ancient Christians were assembled and made to trample on the cross as a sing of apostasy. Perhaps the Church of the Holy Cross, as it is called,

may be said to be the most beautiful church in all Japan; surely no other is richer in memories or Catholic heroes. Beside it still stands the house in which dwelt the magistrate who caused the order of apostasy to be put into effect, and up to a very short time ago the French Fathers used this same house as their rectory, a good example of what may be styled the irony of *Faith*. Our holy religion is indeed gaining ground in Japan, but only very slowly. Let us hope that the light of Faith, now once again beginning to glimmer in the islands of the Orient may be fanned into a brilliance by the zeal of our Catholic missionaries and by the prayers of the faithful all over the world.

With unwilling hearts we left these interesting scenes, and bade adieu to our kind missionary guides. We boarded the steamer at about two o'clock, and waited another hour in port until she had finished coaling. This operation at Nagasaki is one of the sights of the voyage, and is extremely novel and interesting. The coaling is carried on wholly by hand labor. Early in the morning, a number of barges, laden with coal, and with men, women, boys and girls were towed out to the ship and fastened to it. Then began the human machinery. At each of the various coal holes is constructed a canvas stairway upon which two lines of men and women range themselves, extending from the hole to the barge. Then when all is ready the coal is shoveled into little straw baskets, which in turn are passed along from hand to hand, mounting higher and higher until they are emptied. This operation continues until the whole barge is empty, and the marvel is that this primitive means is just as quick as modern machinery in doing the same amount of work, and moreover, the natives are unwilling to have the method changed, since by it they are enabled to earn a livelihood which would be otherwise impossible.

The whistle blew and off we sailed once more. This time the "Empress" steers out into the Yellow Sea, which soon gives every indication of how it derived its name, for its muddy waters are in great contrast to the clear blue of the waters of Japan. Little Chinese junks are everywhere to be seen, funny-looking little ships, with black sails and square shaped bows, on either side of which two huge eyes are invariably in evidence, giving the front of the boat the appearance of a dragon. The sea monsters thus are scared away.

After a night and a day of sailing, we reached the port

of Shanghai, our only stop in China, and our last before Manila. Father Thompkins had wired the French Jesuits at Zi-Kai-Wei about our coming, with the result that a letter was waiting for us at quarantine, assuring us of a warm welcome. Had we not received this letter, we certainly would not have disembarked in the city, since the reputation of Shanghai for gaiety and life is not alluring to God-fearing men, unless some hospitable roof is guaranteed beforehand. We afterwards learned that it was due to the thoughtfulness of Father De Boynes, the former visitor of the Maryland-New York Province, that we were the recipients of such attention at Shanghai. He had written to the Jesuits here, informing them of our visit, and asking them to look out for our entertainment. This was not the first time that we were made aware of Father Visitor's interest in our welfare; twice before his good wishes served as an encouragement and a consolation: first, when starting off from New York, a kindly message from him bade us God-speed; and once again at Seattle, a telegram assured us of his prayers and blessing. Such paternal interest, so characteristic of him, only increased the warm filial affection which already lay deeply implanted in the hearts of us all.

Those who were going ashore were embarked on a tender, which carried them to the shore, twenty miles away. On account of the difficulty in dredging the Shanghai harbor, no boats so large as ours are able to approach any nearer the shore. At the dock, waiting to receive us were some five or six soutaned figures, among whom were Rev. Father Rector, of Zi-Kai-Wei, Father Kennally, S. J., and Mr. Maron, S. J., a scholastic of the Canadian Province. Their greeting was warm and fraternal. Upon entering the city, immediately a great contrast to Japanese ports is most apparent: tall, fine-looking buildings, wide streets, trolley cars and automobiles, hundreds of them, modern hotels, and English and American forces greet the stranger, and one feels like crying out "Three Cheers for America!" It is true that Shanghai is becoming quite an American port, especially since the World War, when our enterprises swept into the city, filling it with much of our unique spirit of "Pep."

We rode in taxis through the French quarter of the city, a section settled by the French years ago, and where they have left the impress of their nationality, and

a very creditable one, be it said. Zi-Kai-Wei is a little colony in itself, a colony of Jesuits, for there the French Jesuits practically "run the town." Normally a community of about sixty is domiciled at the college; just at present, however, the missionaries from the north were spending a month of vacation at the place, so that, with our arrival upon the scene, the number was swelled to about an even hundred. And what a sight it was to see us all seated at table! French, Italian, Canadian, Japanese, Irish and American Jesuits, all rubbed elbows at the same board; a splendid example of the Catholicity of our dear Society. Of course, the Latin tongue had to be resorted to in such a *pot pourri* of nationalities, and this was by no means the first occasion when the ancient language had to serve as an essential implement in the knapsack of us pilgrims in a foreign land. Perhaps some of Ours back home may now see an additional incentive for learning to speak Latin with greater fluency; surely it is bound to come into good use if one is ever sent on the missions.

That night was spent at the college. It is a wonderful institution; its observatory is the official government station of the Chinese coast, from which warnings of storms and typhoons are communicated by wireless to various other stations miles away; its orphan schools for boys and girls are truly marvels of efficiency, judging from the exhibition of wood and metal work shown us; and its library, all carefully arranged and catalogued, is filled with many rare and antique volumes. There is a museum, too, which would delight the eyes of curio collectors, containing a priceless collection of Chinese art; and lastly and most interesting of all is the church, a massive affair of red brick, where we had the pleasure of attending Mass, and of being edified by the sight of five or six hundred Chinese approaching the altar rail to receive Holy Communion, a daily occurrence, as we were told. After Mass, the faithful chanted their thanksgiving prayers in Chinese, a most ridiculous ceremony to our unaccustomed ears, yet full of significance, in the light of Faith. Indeed the Chinese Catholics were most edifying in all respects, and reflect highest credit upon the French Jesuits whose untiring efforts have been the chief means, through God's grace, of planting deep the seeds of Christianity in the hearts of this pagan people. Of great interest to us was one of the largest buildings of the college, the memorial of Father De Boynes' zeal; for it was during his year of superiorship at Zi-Kai-Wei

that its foundation was laid. Here he has left the same loving memory and reputation for religious charity and fatherly interest that he has in our own province.

A hasty departure had to be made from Shanghai, since the tender left the dock at eight-thirty in the morning. Several of the Fathers from the college went to the dock with us, and there, too, we had the happiness of greeting Dr. Dow, an old Georgetown graduate, whose loyalty to his former teachers made him break away from his business, that he might welcome us to the East. A brother of Mr. Bean, S. J., was also present, and helped to make us feel that the American spirit was quite alive even at the extremity of the world.

Everyone has heard of the thrill that the sight of the national flag causes in the heart of the traveler in foreign lands. Well, this sensation was ours with a vengeance, when upon sailing out in the tender we passed by the United States Cruiser *Huron*, which lay in the harbor, flying from her stern the dear colors of America's emblem, the red, white and blue. There was not one of us who did not feel like hoisting the flag aloft and giving three cheers, yet our patriotism confined itself to waving our hats until we were well out of sight of the crew, who had lined up on the deck to greet us, while their band played, "Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot." The beloved homeland is never dearer than when experience in travel has made one appreciate its wonderful advantages in the way of civilization and progress.

The remainder of our journey was, in the estimation of many, the most beautiful part of the entire trip. The route lay in the China Sea along the Island of Formosa. Above, the heavens favored us with sunny weather; while beneath, the surface of the glassy sea presented the appearance of a lake; there was very little breeze, except that which the motion of the ship aroused, and a sweet, tropical languor seemed to lull all nature to sleep. Over the lofty and imposing mountains of Formosa hung a graceful bank of fleecy cloud, which at times descended until it almost met the earth; at certain places the mighty chain was divided by a deep and precipitous cañon, down which a swift-flowing torrent poured its contents into the sea, forming a great delta at the mouth. The sea itself was a mirror of the sky, its glossy azure depths glanced in the rays of the tropical sun, and reflected the snowy clouds as if they were so many swans, gracefully gliding on its surface. This is the sea of the flying fish. At first the traveler runs to the rail of the

ship to see the marvel, as a single fish flies over the surface of the water, but later on he is not surprised to behold great schools pursuing their winged course, like miniature hydroplanes, just skimming the surface as they go. The fishes that we saw were not a half foot in length, and more resembled darning needles in appearance than birds or fishes. Their flight varies; sometimes they may be seen to fly for 200 yards or more, and again they dart beneath the surface after a few feet of flight. The phenomenon was a disappointment to some of our men, who had expected to see something as large as a cow sailing through the air, at least so you would imagine from their talk; but the traveler must be ready to be disillusioned from many exaggerated notions about the unknown lands and seas. For example, take the rainy season, which was already upon us, and which we had supposed brought continuous rainfall. Yet the weather of this day, of the preceding and of the next day, could not have been more perfect. Again there is the exaggerated notion of the heat of the tropics. We were now in the tropics, and yet as a matter of fact we did not notice the heat much more than we used to at Woodstock during the summer months, and it is even drier and more easy to endure. Travel surely is a great broadener, and is about the only means of removing provincial notions. After all, nothing wonderful in the way of endurance is demanded of this human system of ours, which manages, somehow, to adapt itself to the various phases of existence on this earth, and no radical change is necessary, even though we do wander from one end of the globe to the other.

And now we have really reached the other side of the globe; our journey has finally come to an end, after four weeks on the march, and heartily glad were we all to arrive at our ultimate destination. The morning of July 11th dawned to find us anchored outside Manila Bay, and after the customary inspection by the quarantine officers, we were allowed to sail into the harbor. It was now about eight o'clock. But before the steamship docked, a launch came sailing out to meet us, bearing Rev. Father Villalonga, Superior of the Jesuits in the Philippines, the Mayor of Manila, and several other prominent men, all of whom wore badges of blue and white, on which was written the inscription, "Welcome to the American Jesuits." Another launch containing a delegation of American Catholic men and women also sailed out to the vessel, but was unable to draw up beside

our ship, because of the interference of a barge, which had been fastened to the stairway leading down to the water's edge.

Ours was certainly a triumphant entry into Manila, something like a second American occupation of the islands! There on the dock a large delegation of Fathers, scholastics, brothers and students of the Ateneo College and St. Joseph's was awaiting us, all wearing badges with words of welcome upon them; there, too, were the familiar faces of Father Prendergast and Father Duffy, and besides these, Archbishop O'Doherty and Bishop McGinley, and a large number of Americans were present to welcome us to our new home. It was now our home indeed, and these good friends made us realize it all the more. After the greetings and the hand shakes, we were hurried in machines to the Church of St. Ignatius, immediately adjoining the Ateneo College, and there amidst throngs of students and people, with all the bells of the church ringing in joyous clamor, and while the organ pealed forth its triumphant harmony, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was a solemn occasion, one which affected us all very deeply. Our departure had been blessed amidst august ceremonies of the Church; during the travel, God had been with us each day in the Holy Sacrifice and in Communion; and now with the long days of travel over, and our destination safely reached, once more our Blessed Lord deigned to impart His loving benediction upon the heads of this little band of soldiers.

After the church ceremonies, an informal reception at the college took place. The Spanish Jesuits proved themselves to be true sons of our Father, St. Ignatius, welcoming us with brotherly affection, and making it manifest in every way that the same order of obedience that prompted our journey to these distant lands was sufficient to make them, like true soldiers of the great captain, leave the scene of their efforts of the past and turn over the fruits of their labor to new recruits on the mission field. As His Grace, Archbishop O'Doherty, expressed it: "No one except Jesuits could receive such an order of obedience with such submission." Praise be to God that our Father has trained his sons to harken so humbly to difficult commands, and may God shower abundant graces upon the new field of missionary zeal that is being given to the Spanish Jesuits, blessed as it is at the outset with the zeal of heroic obedience to the Divine Will.

And to us missionaries of the Maryland-New York Province, may the same Lord grant a generous share of the blessings that have already been lavishly bestowed upon these islands of the Pacific where we must bend our every effort to keep pace with the zeal and accomplishments of our predecessors.

HENRY L. IRWIN, S. J.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

Life of Saint John Francis Regis, of the Society of Jesus, by Robert E. Holland, S. J. Loyola University Press, Chicago, Ill. 1922. Price $1.00.

The preface gives us the reason, and a fully adequate one, for this life of one of our saints too little known to English readers. The style is neat and simple. To quote from the preface, "English speaking readers know little or nothing of Saint Regis, or, if indeed, a few may perhaps have heard of him, still their ideas have been so obscured by the clouds of misunderstanding, and even of calumny, which have overshadowed the man himself when he lived, that it were better to know nothing at all than to lend credence to some things said of this Saint,—for instance, that he was headstrong and untractable, that he was even dismissed from the Society of Jesus. It is the aim of this biography to tell in a simple and straightforward way the true story of what manner of man St. John Francis Regis really was."

The A. B. C. of the History of Church Architecture, by Francis Betten, S. J., with twenty-one illustrations, published under the auspices of the Catholic Federation of Arts. R. A. Koch Co., 1139 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Price 15 cents a copy, ten copies $1.20. Further reduction on quantities of fifty.

"It is evident," says the preface, "that a booklet like this can bring out only the most elementary phases of Christian architecture. But it has been the author's endeavor not to omit anything that is required to distinguish a church genuinely built in one style from structures of any other kind. It is hoped, too, that after perusing this A. B. C. many will feel encouraged to take up more detailed studies in so interesting a field."

This pamphlet is an extremely handy and useful one for the study of church architecture in our schools, academies and colleges. We call attention to a special list of subjects for further study, and to a list of books for those who wish to go more fully into this subject.

Le Musée Saint Jean Berchmans à Louvain. 18-25 Mai 1921. L'Exposition, L'Iconographie, La Bibliographie. Louvain, 1922.

This is an historical, and withal a most dainty and loving memorial in honor of St. John Berchmans. During the year 1921, the tercentenary year of the birth of our Saint, a splendid exposition, from May 18-25, of all the souvenirs of St. John Berchmans, was held in the theologians' hall of our college in Louvain. The project had aroused great interest,

and the expectations of those who had planned it and carried it out were fully realized. More than twenty thousand persons visited the exposition. Souvenirs of all kinds, portraits. pictures, images of the Saint, writings, letters, relics, documents poured in from everywhere, especially from Belgium, the Saint's homeland. This exquisite book, "Musée Saint Jean Berchmans," published by the committee in charge of the exposition, is itself a most worthy memorial of the celebration. It gives a full description of all the articles displayed, with some very fine illustrations. We call attention to the fine bibliographical list at the end of the volume, arranged under the following heads: I. Répertoires Bibliographiques. II. Écrits du Saint. III. Actes et Documents Officiales. IV. Biographies. V. Piété et Divers. VI. Périodiques. There is no price given. We suppose, however, that the book may be obtained from our scholasticate, 11 rue des Récollets, Louvain, Belgium. May some ardent lover of St. John Berchmans translate the little work into English.

L'Hommage du Canada à Saint Jean Berchmans.

This is a brochure of twenty-nine pages into which has been gathered all that was done, and well done, throughout Canada to celebrate the third centenary of St. John Berchmans. Ours were the inspirers of these celebrations. The pamphlet is dedicated to Very Reverend Father General.

Theologia Moralis. Principia—Responsa—Consilia. Tomus I. Theologia Fundamentalis. Arthurus Vermeersch, S. J. Roma (19) Universitas Gregoriana, via del Seminario, 120. 1922.

The *Musæum Lessianum* is getting out a series of publications under the direction of our Fathers in Louvain. The series is divided into three sections. 1. *Section Ascétique et Mystique.* 2. *Section Théologique.* 3. *Section Philosophique.* The work we are briefly noticing here is the first of four volumes. The others are: II. De Officiis Virtutum. III. (Canonicus Liturgicus et Moralis) De Præceptis Ecclesiæ et Sacramentis, IV. Specialis de Caritate et Vitiis Oppositis. The present volume, Theologiæ Moralis (Principia—Responsa—Consilia), is the best of its kind that has yet come under our eyes. There is an excellent review of it in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, 2 Sept. 1922. The author, Father Vermeersch is the well known authority on Canon Law and Moral Theology.

Manual of the Happy Death Society, by Rev. Peter W. Leonard, S. J. 1922. St. Michael's Church, Buffalo, N. Y.

This manual appears at a propitious time when we are putting more life into the societies, whose devotions have always been especially our own. Every thing that one should know about the Happy Death Society has been gathered into this handy little prayer book by Father Leonard.

We have here its meaning, its public devotions, the devotion in honor of the sufferings of Jesus and Mary. All the special prayers are given; while a supplement contains an explanation of indulgences and the conditions required to gain them.

Collection de la Bibliothèque des Exercises de Saint Ignace. No. 75-76. Mai-Juin, 1922. Étude sur le texte des Exercices de Saint Ignace. Par le P. Jaime Nonell, S. J. Traduction du P. Eugène Thibaut, S. J.

In this number of the C. B. E., Father Watrigant gives the third part of the study of Father James Nonell on the Exercises. The translation is by Father Eugene Thibaut. The first and second parts of this study have already appeared. Their contents are again given in this number, along with the contents of the present issue. The first part treats of the Examen, the Meditation, Contemplation, Prayer. The second part treats of the application of the Exercises to the regulating of the inordinate affections. In the third part, under notice here, Father Nonell treats with keen insight for practical purposes the means for finding the Divine Will in regard to the disposition of one's life for the salvation of one's soul. The whole study is a real treasure house for Ours who give retreats.

"*On the Run,*" *by Francis J. Finn, S. J.* Published by Benziger Brother, New York. Price $1.00 net.

Successfully has Father Finn invaded the Old World for the atmosphere and setting of his new juvenile, "On the Run." As the name suggests, this boy book of adventure takes place in Southern Ireland during the hectic days of the 'gentle' Black and Tans.

Joe Ranly, the seventeen year old hero who is 'good to look upon,' hails from Cincinnati, O., talks American, and has the Yankee lad's knack of meeting adventures and meeting them triumphantly. He experiences what it means to be 'on the run,' discovers an uncle worth having, and learns that the English are not all Black and Tans. Incidentally, Joe makes the acquaintance of Maureen, a dainty little miss, and of a fair colleen, who, as the story closes, is evidently destined to be 'the one girl in the world.' Manly and modest, straightforward and outspoken, impulsive rather than over prudent, is Joe Ranly. As Father Finn unfolds this boyish hero's character, Joe's sturdy American Catholicism stands up to the test and loses nothing by comparison.

Into the narrative the author has cleverly woven many little anecdotes of Sinn Fein heroism, comedy and tragedy. These have the ring of reality, and obviously came to Father Finn's ear when he summered in Ireland two years ago. One incident, especially, leaves a haunting memory in the reader's mind long after the book has been laid aside, and that is the pathetic picture of the little child, fresh from con-

fession, brought down by a stray bullet, when she chanced to walk into a Dublin ambuscade.

It might be objected that the stupidity shown by the majority of the Black and Tan characters in "On the Run" is not merely collossal; it's pitiful. But this a minor note amid a chorus of praise. The fact stands forth that Father Finn has again put the myriads of his admirers in his debt. For in his latest work, "On the Run," he has added to American Catholic fiction, Joe Ranly, another healthy American Catholic boy hero.

Christian Spirituality, From the Time of Our Lord till the Dawn of the Middle Ages, by Rev. P. Pourrat, translated by Rev. W. H. Mitchell and Rev. S. P. Jacques. New York. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 44 Barclay St. 1922. Price, postpaid, $4.20.

This work, well printed, gives us a fine and clear conception of the Church's teaching and practice in ascetical and mystical theology during the first ten centuries of her existence. It combines piety and scholarship, and the historian will find it a most valuable aid in his study of the mysticism and asceticism of the period covered by the work. Dr. Pourrat's materials are taken from the words and acts of our Lord and His evangelists and apostles, from the early Fathers and Doctors, from saints and martyrs, from the founders of religious orders and their rules.

OBITUARY

Father Thomas J. Gartland

At St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, Father Thomas Joseph Gartland died piously in the Lord, on Thursday, April 27, at 8.45 P. M.

Thus from St. Peter's College, the closing scene of his labors, radiated to Washington, the home of his birth, and to New England, the scene of his early Jesuit labors, the sad news of the death of Father Gartland. Always unobtrusive in life, his going forth was of a piece with this character.

Many of us had seen him at the altar on Sunday, April 23, had heard him speak in unusually eloquent words of the pardon of sin, through a firm purpose of amendment, and on the following Sunday, April 30, from that same pulpit we were asked to pray for the eternal rest of his soul. Father Gartland had died piously in the Lord—even as he had lived piously in the Lord.

Born in Washington, D. C., on June 15, 1876, of truly Catholic Irish pareuts, Thomas Gartland is found on the parish school records as the recipient for three successive years of the medal for Christian Doctrine. His early school days over in Holy Trinity Parochial School, he entered High School at Georgetown University. Here the same piety and proficiency in Christian Doctrine marked him in the minds of his teachers as destined for the altar. Before he had finished his college course, he opened up his soul, that he little knew betrayed itself in his life, to the Rev. President of the University, who urged him to begin at once his studies for the priesthood in the Society of Jesus. He demurred for a while, deeming himself unfit to follow in the footsteps of saintly men he had known in his own parish church. At length, his mother's joy supplemented his director's words, and he put aside his own will and judgment. On August 14, 1897, we find him in the novitiate, at Frederick, Md. Three years later, he began his studies in philosophy at Woodstock, Md. These over, he entered his teaching days, divided between St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, and Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. In 1908, he was back again at Woodstock for his studies in theology. These over, he was elevated to the dignity of the sacred priesthood by the late Cardinal Gibbons, on July 30, 1911.

Eleven years were now left to labor. Few indeed were they in Father Gartland's life, but we, who were fortunate enough to live most of them with him, know how full they were, of grace, and of sacrifice, of love of God's poor; of tenderness for the innocence of childhood. The poor were

always with him. He never repulsed a little child. His delight was to listen to their prattle, and to act as judge in their little disputes. The children of St. Peter's were in his thoughts day and night, and we know that he was in their thoughts day and night. Certainly was his life "pious in the Lord," as its salient features were the outstanding virtues of Christ's own public life: Love of the Poor; Love of Children.

When the summons came Father Gartland was ready to go forth, rich laden with the very virtues of Christ, his Lord. He did not fear to die. When death was inevitable, he welcomed it, though he felt he had yet more work to do. To his two brothers at his bedside he said these words in the hearing of the writer: "Will you accept with resignation, whatever Our Lord designs for me.' Answer 'Yes or no.'" "Yes, Father Tom, we do." "Then do I also, though I'd love to live only to do more work for the Church and for my Mother, the Society of Jesus." These were the last clear words he uttered. Did they not prelude a death precious in the sight of the Lord, as they followed surely on a life precious in this same holy sight? R. I. P. *St. Peter's Church Bulletin.*

Father Dominic Pantanella

Out in the little graveyard of Regis College, Denver, is a newly marked grave. There on the crest of beautiful Clear Creek Valley lie the mortal remains of Father Dominic Pantanella, who died May 24, 1922, at Regis College, Denver. Often in the declining years of his life he had crept down to this holy spot, and as he gazed out upon the Rockies in the clear air of morning, or again at the sunset hour, their changes of color and aspect must have been for him a vivid token of the changes of the many years of his life. Here, no doubt, would he rest, on this chosen knoll, which he himself had selected as the last resting place of the brethren who had labored with him and after him in the college which he had established. Here does he rest today. The valley glistens in the verdant cheer of morning. At evening the purple haze enfolds the mountain range, and close at hand rests Father Pantanella, in peace.

The career of this remarkable Jesuit calls for more than passing attention. Among the members of our Society he counted a multitude of pupils and co-workers from every province of the United States and Europe. To members of other religious bodies, particularly the sisterhoods; to men and women of the world he was widely known through his zealous promotion of devotion to the Sacred Heart. Many non-Catholics of the different localities where he established colleges remember and revere him as one who infused even

into business relations a great deal of the supernatural—who traded only for the Master, and until He should come.

Among the papers of Father Pantanella, found after his death, was a postcard from his native place, Isola Del Liri. The picture is of a bridge, named Ponte di Napoli, spanning a broad and smooth-flowing stream. At its approach is a square, four-storied house, rather pretentious in appearance. On the postcard this house is designated, in handwriting, "Casa Pantanella." Here then, no doubt, on the 31st of October, 1831, was born Father Dominic. Besides himself, there were ten other children in the family, four of whom became Benedictine Nuns. Three of these lived to celebrate their golden jubilee in religion. Dominic lived within the bosom of this truly Catholic family until he was twenty years of age. Then he left to join the Society at Naples.

On his twentieth birthday he arrived at the novitiate of the Conocchia, situated just on the outskirts of the Southern metropolis. Those were the *halcyon* days of the Italian provinces, a period soon to be broken by the infamous Garibaldi troubles. On finishing his noviceship, the young Jesuit went to teach in the College of Nobles, an establishment for the élite, attached to the Gesù Nuovo. Father Pantanella's special work in these first years of his teaching was mathematics. This seems to have been his forte. After two years' teaching he made his philosophy in a wing of this college, set apart as a house of studies for Ours. During this period he preached a sermon in the refectory, on Devotion to the Sacred Heart, which is still remembered by several of those who heard it, and who assert that it created a real sensation.

The young scholastic had completed only two years of philosophy, when the fury of the anti-clericals broke out into a veritable persecution. The Jesuits were expelled, and Father Pantanella was forced to flee to France, where he completed his third year at Vals. He was then ready to begin his theology, being the oldest in his year. Instead he petitioned his provincial to allow him two years' special study in mathematics at Paris—ample evidence of his love of scientific advancement. His petition was granted, and together with Fathers Sabetti, Schiffini and Degni, he set out for the capital. Two years later he began his theology, distinguishing himself throughout his course. His tertianship was made at Tronchiennes, Belgium, and at its close he sailed with Father Mazzella for America.

What a host of fancies that magic word "America" must have summoned to the minds of those brilliant young Italian priests as they voyaged towards its shores. In a sense the country was unknown to them, a frontier, with the incipient culture and religion of a new land. And yet it was a haven of welcome liberty of conscience—a boon that their native Europe, despite its century-old civilization denied them. To this land of promise they hastened.

The new house of studies of the Maryland Province had only recently been opened. At no time is it an easy matter to choose, off hand, professors for our higher courses in philosophy and theology. It was particularly difficult in those days, when vocations were much less numerous, college training less thorough and advanced, and conditions everywhere rather unorganized. Pioneering and hardship are synonymous, and unfortunately the studies are frequently the hardest sufferers. Here then was an evident disposition of Divine Providence. At that vital juncture, when the Society in America found it necessary to start a course of studies for itself, the Garibaldi revolutionists drove from the lecture halls of Italy some of the most brilliant men in the order. Europe's loss was America's gain. God provided for His exiles. The superiors in the United States asked for teachers. Their request was granted, and Woodstock enrolled on the roster of its first faculty such names as Sabetti, Schiffini, Mazzella, De Augustinis, Pantanella and others. This brilliant coterie of scholars made secure the infusion of high intellectual ideals from the mother Society in Europe to the new scholasticate in America. The structure of Jesuit scholarship was reared over night and, thanks to its builders, it was built, not on shifting sands, but on a rock.

The memory of Father Pantanella is closely woven into the history of Woodstock's early years. To him was entrusted the work of beautifying its grounds. No one will deny that he succeeded. This, of course, was only incidental to his work in the class room. For thirteen years he taught the various branches of philosophy and theology. Those whose good fortune it was to listen to him praise his remarkable clearness and constant genial spirit, which made class a pleasure. His lovable nature attracted the respect and admiration of all his pupils. Their high esteem of his talents and character found voice in a farewell entertainment given at the time of his departure from Woodstock for the West. The program and papers read at this celebration were carefully treasured by Father Pantanella, Because it tells more interestingly than any comment its story of scholarship, cosmopolitan spirit, fraternal union and charity, the program is given here.

FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL
TO
FATHER DOMINIC PANTANELLA, S. J.
FROM THE
FATHERS AND SCHOLASTICS
OF THE
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
WOODSTOCK, MD., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1882.

Part First—March, *Entrée* (Mack). *Grief's Solace*, Rev. J. M. O'Sullivan. *Le Départ*, S. Fillippi. Solo, *I'll Pray for Thee*, E. J. O'Sullivan. *Elegeia*, J. A. Buckley. *Blighted*

Hopes, S. A. Blackmore. *Il Distacco*, D. Giacobbi. Duet, *Song of the Fatherland*, L. Weber and H. Van Rensselear.

Part Second—Schottische, *Fireside*. *Casus Conscientiæ*, Rev. J. A. Conway. *The Philosophers' Tribute*, E. de Lamoriniere. Solo, *God Bless You*, J. A. Buckley. *A Plaint from the Dead*, J. V. Kelley. *A Parting Wish* (Sonnet), D. O'Sullivan. *The Last Word*, J. J. A. Becket. Chorus, *Farewell*.

The papers represented by the above numbers are real cameos of fine literature, while the calligraphy of each of them would cause our typewritten efforts of today to blush even to a change of ribbon. Father J. V. Kelley's contribution, *A Plaint from the Dead*, is quoted because of its present peculiar appropriateness.

I took a walk in the graveyard.
  Just when the little trees
Of the main road cast great shadows,
  And move in the evening breeze.

I stood by the steps of the chapel,
  And read each carven stone,
And pictured a grave in the corner,
  With a name that looked like my own.

And it seemed that the graves grew voiceful,
  As I mused there like one in a spell;
Some of the voices were strange ones,
  Others I knew full well.

And these were the words that came to me
  Standing in the sun's waning sheen:
"They say that he is going
  "Who kept our graves so green.

"And shall no memorial tell, how
  "He cleared the briar-grown glade?
"How he built the little chapel
  "And made us a grave in the shade?"

And I said—"E'en the little chapel,
  "With its long, bright-colored pane
"That lets in the streams of sunlight,
  "Is a memorial to his name.

"And the flowers that bring back with their freshness
  "Last summer's faded bloom,
"Shall wake in us grateful memories"
  "Of him in his Western home."

And as long as the cross on the chapel
  Shines out in the early dawn,
And as long as the marble grave stones
  Remind us of those that are gone;

Aye, as long as the waning sunlight
  Gladdens the graves with its sheen,
We'll think of him and we'll bless him
  Who kept the graves so green.

"Then bid him for us," said the voices,
  And they came like a distant knell,
"Good speed on his journey westward,
  "Good speed and a long farewell."

And we catching their doleful echo
  Hold its sad note for a spell
And bid you, beloved Father,
  Good speed and a long farewell.

Thus ended Father Pantanella's stay at Woodstock, the happiest period of his life. The year 1883 found him at Las

Vegas, New Mexico, where he acted as Rector, succeeding Father Personé, until 1885. It is not hard to see the twinkle in the eye of the one-time professor in the College of Nobles, as he accepted of some Mexican ranchero, fifty head of sheep, as payment of a young hopeful's tuition, or to hear his hearty chuckle as he helped a brother corral the tuition behind the low adobe building of this frontier seat of learning. Two years of this rectorship seem to have been more than sufficient, for at the end of that time we find him at Rome, negotiating the transfer of the college to Morrison, Colo. It was finally established at Denver, under the name of College of the Sacred Heart, which was recently changed to Regis College.

In Denver, then, Father Pantanella spent the last thirty-three years of his life. His ready wit, evident spirituality and ardent zeal for the things of Christ endeared him in a very particular way to the hearts of the citizenry, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The universal esteem in which he was held found expression on the occasion of his fiftieth jubilee, and later at that of his seventieth jubilee and his ninetieth birthday. At no time, however, was the reverent love of his friends more outspoken than when he was made the innocent victim of a vicious piece of blackmail, some ten years ago. It may be truthfully said that the entire population rose in immediate indignation to his support. The Bishop and clergy, the biggest professional and business men of the city, irrespective of creed, sent letters of esteem and affection that must have more than assuaged the pangs of this heavy trial.

Father Pantanella lived to celebrate his ninetieth birthday last October. During his lifetime he had the consolation of saying over 20,000 Masses. In his apostolate of the Sacred Heart devotion, of late years, he blessed and distributed about 25,000 badges a year. Letters from him brought hope and spiritual consolation into the hearts of thousands in all parts of the country. His measure of years and merits was filled, pressed down and overflowing. He truly heeded the caution of the Master, "Labor until I come." R. I. P.

Father John C. Hart

The community of Fordham University was deeply grieved, on June 22nd, by the death of Father John C. Hart, who, during the past year (he had been added to the faculty only the summer before) had, by the charm of his personality and the constant exercise of religious charity and zeal, made himself felt as a very necessary member and had been a source of edification to all. The students on their return to college will miss him, for he had singular success in inspiring them to piety and devotion by his fervent discourses, and had won

the confidence of so many by his kind heartedness as their spiritual director. But above all, the Little Sisters of the Poor and the poor inmates of their home will miss him, among whom he labored with the devotion of a Claver, and to whom he had proved an angel of comfort, a benefactor, a father and a friend.

Father Hart showed signs of illness only about a month before his death. A serious operation was deemed necessary, and accordingly he was taken to St. Elizabeth's Hospital on June 12th. On the following day the operation was performed, which proved fatal to his life. When finally told of the impossibility of his recovery, he evinced the most remarkable courage. His resignation was most childlike and full of intense piety. His cheerfulness never gave way under the stress of the acutest suffering. On Thursday, June 22nd, he was taken with a sudden convulsion. During this last struggle he was attended by Father Patrick Mulry, S. J., who happened to be present in the hospital. Having received those last comforting rites which he had so frequently, like a good Samaritan, administered to others, he peacefully gave up his soul to God. He was buried on the following Saturday from old St. John's Church, at Fordham, which now serves as a students' chapel, and of which he had formerly been the pastor.

The following summary and appreciation of his life has been penned by one of his best friends, an associate and co-laborer with him in the Vineyard of Souls.

"'He was such a dear man and accomplished so much good'—such is the brief summary of his last Rector. It recalls the *ibat benefaciendo* applied to him by a holy religious superior who had known him for more than twenty-five years.

"One of those who were ordained with him, now a priest of the Missouri Province, expresses it this way: 'He was certainly a delightful companion, full of charity, and of a piety that those who saw only the surface would not suspect.'

"These few strokes, better than pages that I might write, describe him as I have known him since we were boys together at college prior to 1875. In July of that year he left the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York, for the novitiate at Sault-au-Recollet, near Montreal, Canada, where, with three other New York boys, still living, he took the habit of the Society on August 15, 1875. At that time New York was a part of the New York and Canada Mission. Only one year later, in July, 1876, the same four novices came with the Novice Master, Rev. Isidore Daubresse, and one lay brother, to open the new novitiate at West Park, on the Hudson. Four years after his entrance, on the completion of his noviceship and juniorate, he was one of the group who had just entered Woodstock when, in the summer of 1879, the New York district was united with Maryland under the present hyphenated name of the province.

"Even at this time, during his three years of philosophy under Father Devitt, who was then the only English-speaking professor in Woodstock, the *Ibat Benefaciendo* had already put its stamp on his life. He had been a catechist in Hyde Park and in Esopus, N. Y., and now he was engaged in the same work in Maryland. To this day his memory is held in loving benediction by those who began to know him then. One who is the mother of nine lovely children, on hearing of his death, wrote: 'My first childhood recollection is the Woodstock Sunday School and the pleasant times we had with Mr. Hart (as he was then) trudging up the Woodstock hill—oh, so many happy little incidents.'

"From 1882 to 1887 his regency was spent in his native city at his old college, and the boys who knew him then, many of them now prominent in Church and state, are still as devoted to him as were those of a younger generation. His charity and piety and delightful companionship are emphasized today by all who have heard of his death.

"When he returned to Woodstock in 1887 for theology, it was to meet many dear old friends not only of our own province, but also of the West and South. The one man whose presence more than that of any other served to brighten many an hour in Woodstock and St. Inigo's during those years is affectionately remembered by his surviving companions today as 'dear old Josh.'

"Even during the year of his tertianship at Frederick, the seriousness of the environment and the sternness of the instructor, Father Lessman, put no curb on his cheerful religious charity. The discerning Father Instructor and the other young priests who were thrown into the close relationship which the tertianship affords would all endorse the testimony quoted above concerning the 'piety which those who saw only the surface would not suspect.'

"As opportunities for the exercise of priestly zeal presented themselves they were not only generously and efficiently embraced, but others also were sought and used for his *Ibat Benefaciendo*. While teaching in St. Francis Xavier's, he was also chaplain on Randall's Island, in the House of Refuge, not only beloved by the children, but admired, respected and reverenced by the non-Catholic officials. Another instance of the same trait will be found in the story of more recent years of his ministry to Boston, where it burst the bounds of parish and city and extended to the hospital and jail, city street, even the factories of distant towns from which he assembled a sodality that now meets regularly at the Brighton Cenacle.

"Yes, it is all said in those few words: 'he was such a dear man and accomplished so much good.' If I were asked, as one who knew him so intimately for half a century, to what one virtue especially I attribute this very adequate summary of his life, I should say at once 'charity.' In all those years

I cannot recall a single uncharitable word or act to charge against him. Is it any wonder that every one loved him? May he rest in peace."

To this sincere encomium from one who knew him thoroughly, we may add a brief appreciation of Father Hart's labors on behalf of Fordham. He was stationed here at five different periods: in 1887, in the last year of his regency as a scholastic, teaching what was termed *media grammatica*; from 1892 to 1896, as Professor of Humanities and at the same time pastor of St. John's Church, and when the parish was relinquished, chaplain of Randall's Island; in 1906 as college treasurer; from 1914 to 1916 teaching special Latin and again visiting Randall's Island; and lastly, during the past year, as spiritual director of the boys and chaplain of the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor. During all these years he was remarkable for the energy and enthusiasm with which he devoted himself to the tasks assigned him. His capacity for work seemed unbounded. Besides his "major" he had always several "minor" occupations of an apostolic character, such as a sodality or chaplaincy to engage him. His talents were high and varied; he was methodical in everything he undertook, and with these traits he combined a singleness of purpose or purity of intention which made him forget self and work with apostolic motives—for the glory of God.

His last year at Fordham is typical of the rest. Though now advanced in years, and with but uncertain health, he nevertheless gave catechetical instructions in the High School, preached the college students' retreat, conducted the Novena of Grace with three talks a day, preached on various other occasions to the boys, acted as their confessor and chaplain—even setting apart a special time of day for spiritual interviews, was the director and gave spiritual exercises to a sodality at the Cenacle, and unweariedly ministered to the old people at the Little Sisters' Home. His sermons to the students were especially productive of good results. This success was due partly to the charm of his style and the eloquence of his manner, but mainly to his personality, which gave the impression of forceful character and earnest zeal, and dominated his audience during the delivery of every word. Finally, amid all these labors he found spare time to write a series of interesting articles recording his impressions of Fordham in the olden days. These papers were produced in *The Fordham Monthly* under the title "Memories," and were read with enjoyment—particularly by the "old boys" to whom they were addressed.

Father Hart will long be remembered at Fordham as a zealous and untiring worker, a comforting spiritual adviser and friend, a humble, pious and generous religious. R. I. P.

Father Patrick F. MacQuillan

When death claimed Father Patrick F. MacQuillan, at the Novitiate of St. Andrew-on Hudson, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 23, 1922, the Society lost a loyal son and the Church a great devoted priest. For over fourteen years he had devoted himself to the care of the afflicted in the Hudson River State Hospital. From the time when he succeeded Rev. John W. Casey, S. J., as chaplain of the Hudson River State Hospital, in 1907, until he was laid low by the first stroke on Wednesday, February 15, 1922, Father MacQuillan was the kind, familiar and most respected friend of all at the State Hospital. His charming simplicity, which ran like a rich thread through the warp of his character, had made him accessible to all, and the profound sympathy which was manifested, and the great grief and sense of genuine loss which was evidenced by nurses, doctors, attendants and patients, were eloquent tributes to the worth of the priest who had buried himself in the service of God's poor.

All day long on the day before his funeral a steady stream of visitors wended their way to the novitiate, doctors, nurses, attendants, patients, all desirous of paying a last token of esteem to one who had spent himself for them. Each one must have thought of some personal act of kindness, for even the strongest wept. Perhaps they were tears of quiet resignation and thanksgiving to God. For when the second stroke, which came on Trinity Sunday, June 11th, affected Father MacQuillan's mind, arrangements were made to move him to Providence Retreat, Buffalo. Who shall ever count the prayer that rose from two thousand hearts that he might die "at home" and be buried where they might at least visit his grave. Surely those prayers were acceptable to the Sacred Heart. Death came on the very night he was to make the journey. Reservations had been made on the train. But God decreed otherwise and that night His Providence brought Father MacQuillan home.

Were one to seek the cause of the universal esteem in which Father MacQuillan was held, the answer would have to be given in the words of a nurse who knew him well: "Father MacQuillan never thought of self when there was question of saving a soul or bringing consolation to the sick." Selfishness never found room in his character, and the attention he showered on all was rather that of a fond mother than a busy man. At any hour of the day or night he was ready to bring succor to the dying, and that, too, with such a spirit of generosity and without show that he endeavored to remove all appearance of having done anything beyond the ordinary. God knew what it cost him, and the sufferings and hardships which he was so careful to hide from others. Not content with the arduous duties at the State Hospital, Father MacQuillan's zeal led him to pay regular

visits to the Bohne Memorial Hospital, a tuberculosis hospital for Duchess County, which is situated on the outskirts of Poughkeepsie. Each week he brought Holy Communion there. There was no obligation on him to attend this hospital, which is in no way connected with the State Hospital. But Father MacQuillan saw that there were souls to be saved and that no one was harvesting that field, and he took this work upon himself. Father MacQuillan also endeared himself to the Sisters of St. Francis' Hospital in their trying pioneer days. As often as he could, and frequently at the expense of his comfort, he went to the hospital to say Mass for the sisters.

His work at the State Hospital was enough to tax the strength of a stronger man than he. While many of the patients received the last rites intelligently and devoutly, there were others to whom the visit of a priest seemed to be very distasteful. Father MacQuillan never faltered; the only bounds his zeal knew were the impossible, and he generally succeeded. His frank and generous character was a guarantee of his sincerity and of his disinterested zeal, and he has left to all, officials and inmates, an example of Christian and priestly virtue. His entire forgetfulness of self was shown by the great number of letters he wrote to the relatives of the patients. He never allowed a letter inquiring about the condition of a patient to go unanswered.

Father MacQuillan derived his strength and consolation from the Blessed Sacrament. His faith was simple and child-like and he spent much time before the Blessed Sacrament. This love of his Eucharistic King showed itself in many ways. He believed that everything about God's altar should be the best that we can give and he used to write to his friends to help him keep the two chapels at the state hospital worthy of our Lord. On Sundays he said two Masses at Our Lady's Chapel, near the main buildings, one at five o'clock and the other at nine o'clock, and between Masses he would never leave the chapel for fear some one might come to receive Holy Communion and would be disappointed. On the first Sunday of every month he had the Holy Hour, and no matter who was to preach it, he always insisted on being present to say the prayers and give Benediction. On the first Sunday of February the Tertian who was going to preach, suggested to Father that he should stay at home as he had not recovered from a bad cold. The only answer was, "I can do that much for the Lord." While stationed at Boston he organized a society for visiting the "Prisoner of Love," and the processions at Our Lady's Chapel, and trained the children himself, for these were masterpieces of taste and devotion.

Father MacQuillan was born at West Boylston, Mass., on May 15, 1858 and entered the Novitiate at Frederick on May 24, 1877. After spending three years at Frederick and three years at Woodstock College, he was sent to Fordham

in 1883. Here the ordinary duties of a scholastic were his, but the same unselfishness and child-like simplicity, which were to mark his dealings with the sick in later years, won for him the grateful affection of all the pupils. He spent his entire regency at Fordham and then returned to Woodstock to study theology and to prepare for the great day of priesthood, which was August 24, 1890. In April of the following year, at the completion of his studies, we find him once more at Fordham. In 1892 he was made Treasurer of the College, and held this position for a year. After a year spent in teaching Third Grammer at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, he was sent to Frederick for his Tertianship. He always referred to this year as one of great graces and said that he could not thank God enough for having had the saintly Father Villiger as Instructor. After Tertianship he was stationed at the Gesù, Philadelphia and St. Mary's, Boston. After one year spent at Leonardtown, he was Minister at Holy Cross College for two years and then returned to Leonardtown for one year. Here he had charge of the church at Morganza, and so deep was the impression made by him that only last year a convert said to one of the Fathers, "If Father MacQuillan had been left here, there would not be a Protestant in the vicinity." On being pressed for the reason of this remark he answered, "His sermons were so simple and yet so eloquent and full of 'heart' that Protestants flocked to hear him." From July 1900 to 1903 he was Minister at Boston College and them returned once more to his dear Alma Mater; this time as Treasurer. Such was his kindness during the three years he spent in this office that his memory is held in benediction by many who were struggling to educate their boys, while many a priest today will say that it was Father MacQuillan's kindness that enabled them to realize their most cherished hope. In 1906 he returned to Philadelphia, but remained for only one year. He was now about to begin his great life work, a life of devotion and self-sacrificing zeal for God's afflicted. That the lesson of his life and his sterling work was soon appreciated by those in charge of the asylum is evidenced from the report for 1908, where we read, "To Fathers Casey and MacQuillan we are particularly indebted for faithful service and judicious help in several trying cases."

Early on Wednesday morning, February 15, the first stroke came. Even in the midst of his greatest suffering he was characterized by simple charity and forgetfulness of self. All were deeply moved by the ejaculations that sprung spontaneously from the heart in this time of sickness. His only regret was that he could no longer help the souls so dear to him, and he was ever grateful for the care and affection of his superiors, his brethren and many friends. So great was his improvement that he was able to say Mass again and he was happy that once more he could offer the Holy Sacrifice. But God saw that he was ready and sent the second

stroke just after Communion on Trinity Sunday. The third stroke came on Thursday, June 22nd, and on the following day he died, leaving us a legacy of humility, simplicity, sincerity and charity, which shed its splendor on his whole religious life. Surely his own lifelong devotion to the sick and suffering was now rewarded by Him Who sees all and Who takes as done to Himself the least kindness shown to His afflicted.

The following extract of a letter from Dr. Walter G. Ryon, Superintendent of the Hudson River State Hospital, to Rev. Father Rector, shows how highly appreciated Father MacQuillan was: "I wish to place on record not only the appreciation of myself but of the officers, nurses and patients of this hospital of the valuable services and good work performed by Father MacQuillan at this institution. His loss will be felt for a good many years by all those who knew and loved him." R. I. P.

Mr. Henry V. O'Neil

On Friday morning, March 24, Mr. Henry V. O'Neil died at St. Francis' Hospital, Jersey City, after a short week's struggle with pneumonia.

One week before, he had been watching the St. Patrick's Day parade in New York, and upon his return home was seized with a chill. The next day he was removed to the hospital where pneumonia rapidly developed. From the first it was evident that his constitution, never robust, and weakened by two previous attacks of pneumonia, could not withstand the onslaughts of the dread disease. He seemed unable to make any resistance and sank steadily. Respiration was difficult and he became delirious. Yet during his lucid intervals never a word of complaint escaped his lips. His only anxiety was that he might not have his vow-crucifix in his hands when dying. "You see, Sister," he said calmly to his nurse "there's a plenary indulgence attached to it at the hour of death." And so with crucifix in his hands and a smile upon his lips he passed away very peacefully consoled by the presence of his mother and brother and of his superior, Father Thomas F. Graham.

Mr. O'Neil was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, on March 31, 1892, and received his secondary education at Brookline High School and Boston College High School. In the face of difficulties that would have discouraged a weaker spirit, he entered the Society of Jesus in 1913 at St. Andrew's, now his last resting-place on earth. After the usual course of studies at St. Andrew's and Woodstock, he was sent to St. Peter's High School to teach. In his capacity of moderator of athletics he came into personal contact with most of the students and won a lasting place in their affections by his generous labors for their advancement.

Two days before he went to the hospital he had completed a successful drive for funds for the Athletic Association, an undertaking that taxed his strength to the utmost. If the boys' interests could be furthered, he did not count the cost. Love of the Society, and consequently love of the charges which the Society entrusted to him, permeated his life and in the service of his boys he was willing to spend himself utterly.

An indication of the esteem in which he was held by the students of St. Peter's may be gathered from the way in which they received the news of his death. Just before the noon recess the boys were notified that Mr. O'Neil had departed this life. The boys could not restrain their tears and, as if moved by one impulse, went sadly down the corridors to the chapel and there poured out their grief before the Great Consoler.

In Mr. O'Neil's death his fellow-professors lost a brother who was ever ready to help them, one who was kind, sympathetic, whole-hearted. The boys lost a friend who made himself all things to them that he might gain them to Christ. The Society of Jesus lost a generous young apostle who, to judge from his brief career as a Jesuit, would have done much by his example and zeal to spread the Kingdom of God. R. I. P.

VARIA

ALASKA. *Letter of Father Joseph Ledit in Catholic Opinion.*—Some four years ago, the Jesuit missionaries among the Eskimos or *Innuit* founded a new mission at Hot Springs in Alaska, which they dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. Two Fathers were attached to this mission and two lay brothers of the Society of Jesus. One of the Fathers, the Superior, was to take charge of the school, of the community of sisters, and of the small group of Catholics that live in the neighborhood of the mission. The other Father was to be the parish priest of all those who peopled the trackless waste of the Seward peninsula, the coast of the Behring Sea north of Nome and of the Artic ocean, and the islands that lie in the channel between Alaska and Siberia. The boarding school is conducted by the Ursuline Sisters, those saintly women whom the severity of an artic climate, and the terriors of an Alaskan solitude, could not deter from this thankless field of labor.

For a location, Hot Springs was ideally chosen, and more than one missionary has called it an "oasis in the Alaska desert." For while through the rest of the country, in the winter months, the temperature descends to minus 40 or 50, and at times even to minus 70, the Hot Springs keep our missionaries, at least when at home, warm and comfortable; whilst on the other hand, during the spring-time and the short summer when the *tundra* is converted into one huge swamp swarming with mosquitoes, the Springs maintain a luxuriant vegetation in that little favored spot and enable the missionaries and the Sisters to raise a small garden crop.

The success which the Ursuline nuns have met with in their endeavors to educate and Christianize the little ones of Eskimoland is indeed remarkable. But a few month ago, one of those teachers wrote to Bishop Crimont about her charges. "Their efforts to practice virtue," she tells him, "are crowned with success." They had been told in their instruction hour that they should speak of all their joys, sorrows, and sufferings to Jesus. One of the Sisters, on going to the chapel, found a little one at the foot of the altar telling the good God she had a headache but she would not complain, she was going to bear it for Jesus, because He had done so much for her. Our big boys are truly models for any Christian boy. Who would ever dream that a boy would say his rosary twenty-five times in one day, and six or seven times at night before going to sleep? Their love for the Sacred Heart is unbounded, and in all their wants, they call on Him and they are never refused. One day, one of them wanted to get a duck, and one little boy said; 'We will go and tell the Sacred Heart.' And they

went to the chapel, said their prayer, and got their duck. Their obedience and simplicity is beyond all I have ever witnessed except in a novitiate where religious are trained. I have known them to wait for half an hour to ask permission rather than disobey. After being scolded or corrected, they often come back on their knees to thank me and to ask pardon."

A few years ago, the Bishop of Alaska placed his immense Vicariate Apostolic under the protection of the Venerable Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, known throughout English-speaking countries as the Little Flower. She certainly seems to take a loving care of those forsaken children of the frozen North, and to teach them her own little ways of pleasing the good God, of winning the affections of the Child Jesus, and of sanctifying themselves.

As was noted above, the other Father stationed at Hot Springs has to lead the life of a wanderer, owing to the immensity of his parish. His whole life consists in visiting the various small settlements scattered here and there throughout his large territory. This indeed constitutes the peculiar hardship of the Alaskan mission. For oftentimes, with great peril of his life, the weary missionary, on his apostolic errands, must run for miles and miles behind his sled and dog team (for to ride would mean to be frozen to death), and affront the terrible Arctic blizzards. Still every year he will have but few baptisms, few marriages; in short, he will live but little the hallowed life of the priest and apostle, but will have to do everthing for himself, to become a carpenter, cook, wood-chopper, fisherman, doctor, sled driver, and spend almost his entire day in the menial occupations of a day-laborer. He will oftentimes feel tempted to discouragement when he compares his great exertions with the little fruit obtained. Then again during the winter days, his last consolation will often be taken away from him, that of daily Mass. Hence, the Alaska missionary must be a man of great faith, for unless he is unshaken in his vocation, and believes most firmly that by remaining at his post in spite of all difficulties and meagre results he renders greater glory to God, he will adandon his mission for other fields.

The only consolations that the missionaries at times receive is from the faith and perseverance of their neophytes. One example perhaps is more striking than others. At King Island, in the Behring Straights, abont 120 miles from Hot Springs, and 45 miles from the nearest beach, is to be found a population of cliff dwellers. Their island is nothing but a huge rock protruding some 800 feet above the dark blue waters of the Behring. The sides of this rock are perpendicular, with the exception of a narrow, steep gorge where 150 or so natives have built their nests, for as their missionary writes, "These dwellings you cannot call homes, nor burrows, nor caverns, but they are real nests built by human hands."

They live on the fish they catch in the ocean, the birds they trap on the cliffs, and the game they shoot during the winter in the wilderness of the frozen Behring Sea. Previous to the year 1903, most of these people were pagans; though a few claimed to be Seventh-day Adventists, and some belonged to the Congregational church. Now, they are all Catholics, with the exception of two or three who have been barred from the Church for serious reasons, and in all their "nests" are to be seen the crucifix and a few holy pictures. The old chief of the little tribe has erected a more spacious dwelling, able to hold some 30 or 40 people, and placed a large gilded cross on the roof of this modest "church," in the hope of soon obtaining a resident priest. He has reserved a corner of his home for a confessional; but the small number of Alaskan missionaries did not permit the Fathers to grant his desire.

"These remarkable people," writes their missionary, "have accepted as reasonable the laws of the Church concerning fast and abstinence, and it is interesting to know what some of them do to comply with these requirements of Mother Church. In this line, they are original. Some as a self-imposed penance climb every Sunday morning to the summit of the highest peaks within their island, and there kneel in prayer. In this they are actuated by the wish to imitate our Lord in His prayers on the mountain top, and the heroic penance is performed while fasting. Not until they return from their morning climb do they partake of a frugal breakfast."

A greal deal of magnanimity is to be found among these rough natures. The chief of the island, while in a small "white" town on the coast, was attacked at night by two bandits, who endeavored to rob him of the few dollars in his posession. They attacked him in cowardly fashion, slashed his head, evidently with the intention of killing him, robbed him and disappeared. The poor victim had just enough strength to reach one of the Eskimo huts. His clothes were drenched in blood. The Father was called in, but the injured chieftain needed no encouragement to pardon his would-be assassins: "Father," he said, "I thought to defend myself. I even put my hand on my cutlass. I could have killed both robbers, but I could not make up my mind to send those poor wretches to hell. I was better prepared than they to appear before my God."

And thus, through the goodness of God and the intercession of the Little Flower, God's work is slowly but surely progressing in Alaska. The missionaries are few, the means of sustenance fewer yet, the neopytes but a handful scattered far and wide, while the hardships are many, and the difficulties innumerable. But the labor is not therefore less pleasing ot God.

AUSTRAILIA. *Death of Father John Ryan, Founder of the "Messenger"*. The last line on the last page of the cover

of the *Messenger* reads thus: "*Printed for the Proprietor and Publisher, Rev. J. Ryan, S. J.* For 35 years, since January, 1887, when Father Ryan founded the *Mcssenger*, the little book of the Sacred Heart has been issued in his name. He was its first director and manager with Father Watson as editor. And now, having lived to see considerable development both in the *Messenger* and in the office, he has passed away in his 73rd year. He saw the new office on its way to completion, but never saw it in its present finished state except from the outside. A few brief months ago he arrived in Melbourne from Adelaide and a room awaited him in the new *Messenger* quarters. But he only got as far as the front door in a taxi. He was so weak that he was unable to enter the building, so he was taken off at once to the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy at Malvern, and there he awaited death. He died on the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BALTIMORE. *Field Mass at Evergreen.*—Descendants of the first Maryland Pilgrims were gathered together at the field Mass said at Evergreen on Sunday, September 10, before the tabernacle used by Father Andrew White, the Jesuit, at the first Mass said on Maryland soil, two hundred and eighty-eight years ago.

On Sunday the descendants of the first colonists knelt at Evergreen with the same faith, in the same land, before the same tabernacle, adoring the same God. At the altar there was no change from that March day, 1634, when the colonists from England established the Land of Sanctuary and dedicated it to their Heavenly Mother, giving it the most beautiful of all the names of the new country, Mary's Land.

The Rev. Paul Smith, chaplain of the Maryland Pilgrims' Association, which is this year celebrating its diamond jubillee, was the celebrant of the Mass. The Rev. Thomas J. Delihant, S. J., of Loyola College preached the sermon.

BELGIUM. *Oostacker. Large number of pilgrims.*—The pilgrimages to the shrines of our Lady of Loudres at Oostacker are growing more and more impressive. During the month of May 200,000 pilgrims visited the shrine. They came from the dioceses of Ghent, Bruges, Malines and Tournai.

Xhavemont. During the year 1100 retreatrants made the Spiritual Exercises

BRITISH HONDURAS. *Bishop Hopkins Confers Pallium on Archbishop Munoz, S. J.*, Bishop Hopkins went to Guatemala to confer the pallium on Archbishop Munoz, S. J. Father Kammerer writes: "The pallium was conferred in the old church of the Society, where more than 3000 people had gathered to witness the ceremony and where the Archbishop when a boy had received his first Holy Communion from a Jesuit Father. There was a religious proces-

sion in the streets and all along the route there were immense crowds of people in kneeling posture to receive the benediction of the bishop and archbishop, both in cope and mitre. Permission for the procession had been obtained from the government. The archbishop himself preached to the great congregation and attacked the governments who strove to crush religion. It was a strong sermon and the archbishop is a fearless man, coming from a fighting stock."

St. John's College. — The graduation exercises for the Fourth Form boys, all but one of whom are planning to attend Marquette or St. Louis University, were held just before Christmas. This left the college with but ten boarders and hence the re-opening of school on January 9th was anxiously awaited to see to what extent the recent yellow fever epidemic was to affect the college. It was not therefore very encouraging when the start of classes saw this number increased by one. January 11 brought another boarder, then the unexpected happened. A little sailboat came in on the 19th with five boys from Spain, and on the 25th nine reported from Guatamala, and this kept up until by the end of the month the number of boarders had reached 33.

The recent bloodless revolution in Guatamala, which had been heralded as the forerunner of a bitter persecution of the Catholics, deterred Father Superior from sending Father Kemper to that country for boys, but when he received word that several boys were waiting for some one to come for them, he finally sent Father Kemper on January 24. Father Kemper describes his trip as follows:

"After the terrible pest of yellow fever that we passed through from mid-August to October our college seemed practically undone, the number of our boarders sinking from nearly a hundred to ten. For a long time we were afraid even to make any effort to get the boys back on account of some few lingering cases of the dreaded fever in Belize. Hence our prospects were very poor.

"After some months, however, we began to hear that some of the families in the republics of Honduras and Guatemala were anxious to send their boys back to the college. The boys from Honduras could come without great inconvenience in the sailboats that make weekly trips between that republic and our colony. In fact, some of the Honduras boys were already returning. But the people in Guatemala were waiting for some one to come from the college for he boys, as we have done for years past.

"A probable difficulty, however, had presented itself in the fact that the Liberal Party had in December overthrown the conservative government. It was this Liberal Party that expelled the members of our Society from Guatemala about the year 1871. Hence it was not unlikely that they would not tolerate our returning. We asked various persons whether one of our Fathers would be safe in

Guatemala and they all assured us that there would be no danger whatever. Snperiors finally decided to send me, for I had been in Guatemala several times on a similar errand.

"I provided myself with all the passports possible, put on my gray suit and ordinary collar and tie and left Belize on the United Fruit Company's boat, "Sosua," Tuesday, January 23. The daily train for Guatamala City you get in Puerto Barrios, but our boat went first to Livingston, a Guatemalan port about 20 miles from Barrios. We arrived in Livingston before noon on Wednesday and were to go to Barrios only on Thursday morning, thus missing the train which leaves Barrios before 7 A. M. Because of my limited time I was very anxious to catch that Thursday train, and so I went ashore ashore at Livingston, where my passport was looked at and my baggage examined. I had heard that the Fruit Company's launch would go over to Barrios that afternoon, and fortunately that was true. Mr. O'Connor, the agent of the Fruit Company, was himself going to Barrios and he very kindly took me with him.

"I was not more than half an hour in Barrios before an individual, called 'soldier' down here, come up to me and informed me that the Commandant of the Port wished to speak with me. I went to him immediately. He told me that I could not go up to Guatemala City because he had just lately received orders not to allow any member of the Society of Jesus to disembark. This Commandant was the same official who had been in command of the port in September when I took the boys home, but then he was serving under the Conservative regime, whereas now he is serving the Liberals. He assured me that he felt it very much that he had to stop me and that I might send a telegram to the Capitol asking permission to go up to the city. He would also send a telegram, and he told me that while I was waiting for my answer I would be perfectly free and safe in the port.

"That evening I was sitting in my room in the hotel saying my Breviary, when about 8 o'clock, Mr. O'Connor, who had brought me from Livingston to Barrios in the launch of the United Fruit Company, came in a great hurry to my room and begged me to go back with him to Livingston, because he had to return and one of the soldiers was preventing him from going because he said he had orders not to allow the launch to set out unless it carried the Padre back to Livingston. The Commandant could not be found and the soldier insisted. Hence in about ten minutes I was on my way back to Livingston, where we arrived about 10 o'clock. I went to the hotel and had a good night's rest. The next morning I boarded the big 'Sosua' and went back to Puerto Barrios,—to wait for the answer to my telegram. When the Commandant saw me on this boat he smiled graciously and assured me that my being obliged to return to Livingston

had been a misunderstanding on the part of the soldier, and he gave me permission to go ashore and wait for my telegram. The answer came that night: 'Since the law forbids it, I cannot accede to your desire expressed in yesterday's telegram.' It was the answer I expected, so that I was not at all surprised. The next boat back to Belize was to leave on Monday.

"There is no church at Barrios. Therefore in order to get a chance to say Mass, I decided to go back to Livingston. I went from Barrios to Livingston on a freight barge.

"I remained there until Monday, when I got aboard the motor-sailboat, 'Maggie B.' which was to take me back to Belize. Before beginning its return trip it stopped at Puerto Barrios. When the Comandante saw me he said: 'What! Are you back again? Don't you know that you might get me into serious trouble?' In a gentle tone which hardly agreed with my feelings I assured him that I had merely come to see whether any college boys had arrived on the train and that I would immediately return to the boat. At eight o'clock in the morning the 'Maggie B.' carried me away from the inhospitable shores of Guatemala and landed me in Belize on Wednesday afternoon. I was not sorry to to be back home.

"I suppose the Liberals must be chuckling over the fact that their old-new law has already kept one of those dreaded Jesuits from entering their beloved land. But despite their wishes and efforts, some of the boys from Guatemala are coming back. About ten are here now and we are expecting a few more. We hope that this will be the beginning of the consolation which our good Lord surely intends to send us after the grievous affliction of the yellow fever."

Discovery of a Maya Ruin.—The following account has been received from Father Kammerer. It gives Father Versavel's own story of his discovery of the Maya ruin in British Honduras.

"Father Versavel of Benque Viejo, British Honduras, reports the discovery (made by himself and Dr. Winser, medical officer at Cayo, on April 27th,) of an important Maya ruin, situated some 20 miles south-east of Benque Viejo. The remains of the ancient city, as far as a hasty survey would permit them to ascertain, consists of a large artificial mound about 140 feet high, roughly circular except on the north side where a triple terrace leads from the Plaza, 40 feet wide and 55 feet long to the summit of the mound. Here a level space of about 95 feet in diameter is crowned on the cardinal points by four smaller mounds. The largest of these has caved in from the top, exposing a sepulchral vault 4 feet by 7, of oval form. In this chamber were found some bones and five pieces of painted pottery, four complete, the fifth a fragment, but bearing remnants of Maya glyphs, among which, two, the Moth sign and the Initial Series sign

can still be made out. Scattered on the south side at the base of the main ruin are at least 15 smaller mounds, some of considerable hight.."

Father Versavel has given the ruin the name Mucnal-Yok-Tunich (a grave upon a stone.)

Ours Forbidden to Enter Guatemala.—Father Superior wrote to the government of Guatemala asking permission to enter that country to get boys for the college. The reply was recently received that no Jesuit was allowed to set foot in Guatemala and that no foreign Cathoiic Priest of any kind could enter that country.

BUFFALO. *Canisius High School.* — Canisus High School has a very good registration this year considering the fact that industrial conditions are very bad in Buffalo at present. The coal strike has forced many factories to close their doors—many of them have been closed a great part of of the summer—and boys who would ordinarily come to Canisius find themselves financially unable to do so. The local trolley strike too, has been against us. It has caused a considerable falling off in out-of-town boys by making transportation difficult and uncertain. In spite of these two drawbacks we have an increase of thirty over last year's registration. Last year at this time, Sept. 2, our regristration was 705, this year it is 736.

This year Canisius intends to branch out even more than in past years in debating. In addition to the senior debating society in third and fourth years, which has been so successful for the past three or four years in inter-school debating, we intend to organize two rival debating societies in second year and a small society in each class of first year. There will be at least one and perhaps two inter-society debates in the second-year societies. In the first year societies there will be a series of elimination debates, the winners to be champions of first year.

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE. *Seattle College.*—Seattle College opened the year with a record registration, the first year of High School alone totaling over eighty. This year marks the recontinuance of the College department. During the war conditions necessitated its discontinuance, but now, at its resumption, its prospects are of the best. The department is called the Junior College course and consists of two years. During the years the students receive a training in Catholic philosophy and at least the beginnings of an Arts and Science course. The curriculum has been arranged with the intention of fitting the boys for whatever work they may intend taking up later as their vocation. Much enthusiasm is being manifested by the new College men. They readily see the advantages of the studies mapped out for them and strive to get all that is possible from them.

Many improvements have been made around the school during the summer vacations, maktng conditions more fav-

orable both for students and teachers. On the whole the all around betterment of conditions, together with the steadily increasing registration, predict a happy future for the College.

CUBA. *Havana. Belén Church.*—A solemn triduum was held to celebrate the tercentenary of the canonization of St. Ignatius and the fourth centenary of the Institution of the Exercises. Different religious orders of the city took charge of the ceremonies at the 8:30 Mass as follows: the Carmelites on the first day furnished the celebrant, deacon and sub-deacon, whilst their lay-brothers served the Mass, a Carmelite preached the panegyric of St. Ignatius; the next day the Franciscans did the same, and the last day fell to the Dominicans with their special rites. The feast of our holy Patriarch saw the secular clergy doing the same in the sanctuary, whilst the sermon was preached by the bishop of Pinar del Rio. On the four days the Blessed Sacrament was exposed during the ceremony, which closed with benediction. The community with a number of the clergy attended the Solemn High Mass. On the eve of the feast at 8 P. M., there took place the recitation of the beads, solemn Te Deum and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. During all these ceremonies a special male choir sang with orchestral accompaniment. The altar with 130 candles and over 800 electric bulbs was a blaze of light. As most of the flowers in vases or forming festoons were natural, it was necessary to replace them by others every evening, which necessitated extra work from those who had charge of the decorations.

CZECHO SLOVAKIA (BOHEMIA AND SLOVAKIA)—*Notes.* In spirit with Father General's approbation dated Rome, May 1, 1922: "Consilium edendi nuntios pro nostris valde mihi probatur; id enim ad spiritum fraternæ caritatis ac zeli apostolici fovendum procul dubio multum conferet," the Jesuits of the Czecho Slovak Province are issuing *The Province Letters* under the motto: "Juvat meminisse fratrum." The first number of *The Letters* was a modest and an unpretentious issue—a pocket edition of the American WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

"It will be a source of keen delight" states the introductory note to the first number, "to hear now and then from Ours far off and near, of their interests and of their ambitions. The accounts in *The Letters* will goad us on to emulate the zeal, the labors, the practical methods and exertions of Ours at home and in foreign lands. *The Letters* will bind us in a stronger and a closer union of Ignatian love; they will enflame that love; they will more readily evoke prayers and Masses for the sick and dying; and finally they will record many a long and patient life, many a heroic and saintly death of a son of Ignatius."

Excerpts from *The Province Letters*: "Father Joseph

Lepka, S. J., of the Czecho-Slovak Province, was appointed to attend the Sodality Congress in Rome. He has chosen the officers of the Sodality in Prague to accompany him."

Another item of interest: "Our beloved Archbishop Stoyan has secured a large building near our Papal Institute at Velehrad for accommodations during laymen's retreats. Two hundred exercitants will be comfortably housed at a time. Nuns will take care of the domestic work of this house of retreats. The Fathers of the Society, stationed at the Papal Institute will give the retreats."

"Father Charles Steyskal, S. J., a Bohemian Jesuit in Russia writes in *The Letter* under the date of June 1, 1922: "Conditions in Russia are frightful. On their arrival in Moskow last September, the Americans could not find shelter—for nearly all Moskow is in ruins. The Americans had to fit out railroad cars that came to Russia from Coblenz and spend their nights in them. The whole town was without water and without light. The people are dying by the thousand. Daily 800 wagons of clothes and food supplies are sent from Riga to Russia."

"Father Reszec, S. J., has just returned from Rome to Russia. The Congregation of Rites gave him a special privilege of saying Mass in the Old Slav tongue when amongst the Russians and at the same time extended the right of saying Mass according to the Latin rite when at home. This is the first case on record of utraquism of rites."

"Nine priests have already left for Russia in accordance with the agreement entered into by the Vatican and the Soviet authorities. They are taking with them a cargo of corn destined for the Volga region. According to the agreement Russia is divided into three parts, so far as Catholic missionary activities are concerned: The Petrograd district to the Redemptorists, the Moscow region to the Jesuits and the Odessa region to the Frères du Verbe de Dieu."

Father Aloysius Jemelka, S. J., after a missionary tour through Holland writes as follows: "In all the Catholic churches in Holland catechetical instructions are conducted every Sunday afternoon. Young and old attend these instructions. It must here be noted that similar catechetical instructions are given every day in the state schools all through Holland. In the diocese of Roermond, Holland a perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament has been established. The adoration begins in one church at 6 A. M. and continues till 6 P. M. Then the night adoration begins and that in another church. It is generally so arranged that the night adoration is conducted in some convent. Our little band of missionaries had to spend a part of a night in adoration. In general it seem to me that greater zeal and religious ferver are shown here in Holland than in any other country I've visited. The state aids the Catholic schools. The professors in the Catholic schools receive the same salary from the state as the professors in the state schools. All the

teachers and professors Catholic and non-Catholic must pass a state examination."

Father Lapka, S. J., writes from Prague: "Since my return to Prague, I daily come in contact with Russian students. Only a few were here last September. Before the the last week of December hundreds have gathered around the city. Today over 2000 are accounted for in Prague. They attend various colleges and universities around about the city. In the main they are of the conservative class—very few are socialists. They are housed by the Government. Conditions here at Prague are destructive to their already shattered Faith and morals. The Methodists and the Y. M. C. A. are very active in the students midst. In many instances, however, the Russian are anxious to debate a number of important religious and political questions with the Protestants, but the ignorance of the Protestants especially on religious topics is already estranging a large number of the Russians. The Rt. Rev. Archbishop Stoyan is already providing lodging houses, places of amusement, libraries and reading rooms in Prague for these Russian students."

Father Methodius Rihak, a Bohemian Jesuit, writes from the tertianship: "St. Stanislaus College, Tullamore, King's County, Ireland: At dinner the tables were arranged in horse-shoe fashion. To my surprise at dinner I found myself seated between the Tertian Master and the Master of Novices. All through dinner the Master of Novices and I exchanged views on racial customs and ended up with bits of scattered news. He told me that at present the Irish province has two novitiates —one here numbering 32 novices and another in Australia numbering 15 novices; "but" he continued, "this is only a handful when compared with the swelling number of novices that necessitated another novitiate within the same province and even these two houses can hardly contain the overflow." In the evening an improvised concert was tendered the community. Rev. Father Provincial specially came from Dublin for this evening. In his brief remarks he complimented me and my province in doing such good work for the church and state.

The death of Father Jarabac, S. J., June 17, 1921: "For my thoughts are not your thoughts; nor your ways my ways, saith the Lord." Is. 55, 8. These words of the prophet genuinely expressed the sentiment of all the Fathers at the Papal Institute at Velehrad, when on the morning of June 17, 1921, the surprising news of Father Jaraback's death was brought to their notice. He was their beloved co-worker, their brother Jesuit and the indefatigable director of the Cyril and Methodius Missionary Institute.

The scholastic year was nearing its close, the examinations in full swing, when suddenly one of the professors was called before his Creator and Judge. We are sure Father Jarabac received a "well done." The evening before, he told the brother infirmarian to prepare on the morrow all that was necessary for reception of the Most Blessed Sacrament. That morning, sometime before five o'clock, he got such an attack of hemorrage that he fainted and died before anyone knew of any danger.

The merciful Lord will indeed be merciful to him and will generously reward him for his ceaseless efforts in wearing himself out for His honor and glory and for the salvation of struggling souls. During a long period of years he was a patient sufferer. Tuberculosis of the throat was his heaviest cross. With this annoying malady, for many years he labored consciensciously in the class room, in the pulpit and in the confessional, till the Divine Wisdom prepared a warm welcome for his wearied soul. Up to the very last day, Father Jarabec looked hardy; but this was the result of his stored energy, his general disposition spirtualized by his faithful correspondence to the principles of St. Ignatius. For he loved and lived those Ignatian principles—principles that cost him such a struggle even before he embraced them. His entrance into the Society was not without its bitterness.

Father Jarabac was born in Moravia, December 24, 1868. He received his early education in the national schools of Czecho-Slovakia. Not to be interrupted in his higher studies he volunteered to complete one year of army service, but soon he heard gentle whispers calling him into a nobler army. Prompted by a strong desire for the priesthood, he entered the seminary at Olomouc. Six months after his entrance into this seminary, news reached him of his father's death. The administration of his father's home, he being the only son, now rested entirely on his shoulders. The foundation of his vocation to the priesthood seemed to have been shattered. After a brilliant civil service examination he became post master general in his town. After a number of years his folks ceased to need his services. The voice of God that haunted him day and night demanding a complete sacrifice and the clamor of friends and relatives seeking his services, now unnecessary at home, became a struggle that made his entrance into the Society rather bitter. The gentle voice of God prevailed.

Toward the close of the year 1891 Cardinal Frederick Furstenberg recalled the members of the Society to Velehrad. Hither to a newly opened novitiate in the year 1894 the grace of heaven drove Father Jarabac. Here he found a peace that changed the bitterness of earth to the sweetness of heaven. His classical studies were completed at St. Andrew's, his philosophy at Bratislav, and his theology at Innomost in the Tyrol. His teaching period was successfully

begun and ended at Bohosud in Bohemia. As a priest he became a noted preacher. He was editor of the monthly in Prague "*In the Queen's Service.*" At Velehrad he organized the men's sodality.

ENGLAND. *Death of Father Sydney F. Smith.*—Father Sydney F. Smith died at Manresa House, Roehampton, in his eightieth year. It was only about a year ago that he retired to Manresa on account of failing health, after a long career of activity in which he achieved an enormous amount of work as a teacher, lecturer, and perhaps most of all as a writer.

Born in 1843, the son of an Anglican clergyman, the vicar of Worth, near Sandwich, Sydney Smith was intended for the profession of an architect; but becoming a convert to the Catholic Church in 1864, he joined the Society of Jesus two years later, and after going through the prescribed courses of study and teaching was ordained at St. Beuno's in September, 1877; he then taught for a number of years at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, at Beaumont, and at St. Beuno's, afterwards going as missioner to Wimbledon in 1889. For 30 years—from 1891 until his retirement to Manresa in April of last year—he was on the staff of writers at Farm Street, and from 1897 until 1901 edited the *Month.* It was during this long period that Father Sydney Smith's gift, both as a writer and as a lecturer, made him one of the best-known priests in England: in the latter capacity he did much useful work especially in London, where in Cardinal Vaughan's time he was one of the band of priest-lecturers who frequently filled halls in the metropolis. In controversy as courteous as he was trenchant, Father Sydney had many friends among Anglicans, and he was a welcome figure and speaker, at meetings of the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury and other bodies. His writings include a long list of pamphlets issued by the Catholic Truth Society, on the committee of which body he served actually for many years. "Ex-priest" lecturers, libellers of convents, and such like enemies of the Faith, found at Father Sydney Smith's hands immediate and effective exposure; his range covered also doctrinal, historical, and other subjects. Father Sydney received the last sacraments on Tuesday, and died at 7:50 on the following evening.—*Tablet*, July 8.

Cause of the English Martyrs.—Father John Pollen, S. J. postulator of the Cause of the English Martyrs, gave an interesting address on the present standing of the Cause at the recent conference of the Catholic Truth Society at Leicester, England. He said in part:

"There are two hundred and fifty-two English martyrs who are declared venerable, and venerable means "eligible for beatification." We have now to prepare for the beatification of two hundred and fifty-three martyrs, for the Scottish martyr, the Venerable John Ogilvie, will now be reckoned with our already large number.

"Though it is called the Cause of the English Martyrs, this does not prevent there being Irish, Scotch or Welsh among them. Our English Church today comprises many, many Irish. But in those days the immigration had hardly begun, so we have only four Irishmen born in Ireland—Cornelius (Connelly), Dowdal, Mahoney and Salmon—venerable protagonists of scores, nay thousands, of gallant Irish priests and laymen who have chosen this country as the scene of their heroic labors until death for the Faith of Christ.

"There is perhaps an unexpectedly large number of martyrs directly or by descent from Wales; from Scotland, besides Ogilvie, who is a veritable host in himself, we have four or five others of Scottish descent.

"The majority of the laymen were gentlemen of family who died for protecting priests, while the priests died for administering to the laity. A few were grand heroes, who smiled and joked at every pain, every torture, but the majority were taciturn Englishmen who clenched their teeth, when it came to matters of principle, aud stood their ground bravely in the face of death indescribably terrible."

Catholic Workers' College.—A house has been bought at a cost of well over £2,000, in Walton street, and here, in October, eight or nine new students will go into residence with Father O'Hea, S. J., the Principal of the College. There has been the kindliest co-operation and support during the past year from the University officials and lecturers. The new College seems assured of full recognition, and will eventually take rank with Ruskin College, which has shown much interest in its fortunes, and where the meetings of the summer-school, both this year and last, were held.

FRANCE. *Jesuit Teachers in State Lycee.*—A radical deputy recently questioned the Government as to the truth of the rumor that two Fathers of the Society of Jesus were teaching in the French State Lycee at Mayence. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs answered that his supposition was absolutely correct: that the French Lycee at Mayence was governed by the same rules applying to educational institutions in foreign countries supported by French appropriations and in which members of religious congregations are frequently employed. The communication also stated that the retention of the two Jesuits was justified by their ability as teachers. "It is to be noted," Mr. Poincare added, "that the Association of Heads of Families, the president and several members of which belong to the Reformed Church, has demanded that these two professors be retained, declaring that their attitude is absolutely correct and perfectly neutral."

Number of French Religious in the Late War.—Statistics published by the Documentation Catholique of Paris show that the number of French religious mobilized during the war was 8928. This figure does not include the secular clergy. The majority of these religious belonged to congregations estab-

lished outside of France and returned as volunteers to serve their country.

Of these 1464 died in the war. This number included 42 Assumptionists, 34 Benedictines, 40 Capuchins, 28 Dominicans, 260 Brothers of the Christian Schools, 165 Jesuits, 41 Lazarists, 53 Priests of the Foreign Missions, 81 Fathers of the Holy Ghost, 100 Little Brothers of Mary, 39 Redemptorists and 54 Trappists.

The members of religious congregations who returned for mobilization belonged to the older classes, and the figure 1464 consequently represents a relatively large proportion.

Two hundred and tweny crosses of the Legion of Honor. 346 military medals and 4722 citations in orders were won by members of religious congregations.

GERMANY. *Catholic Activities and Ours.*—The war has produced some strange effects on Catholic activities. Just as the plagues of Egypt preceded the liberation of the Israelites from their bondage, so it would seem as if the Great War has been used as an instrument for the liberation of His people. Before the war, no Jesuit was allowed into Russia, nor were any houses of Jesuits allowed in France and Germany. In France all the other religious bodies were likewise expelled. Now they are returning to France and Germany, and signs are not wanting that Catholic religious establishments may soon be allowed in Russia.

Banished from Germany by the imperial regime, several of the religious orders of men and women are returning to their former monasteries and convents and again taking posession of these sacred edifices, which were taken from their predecessors many years ago.

The Jesuits are preparing to build a stately college and a large church in Frankfurt, and in Hesse an ancient monastry has been restored to its former owners. after having been expropriated by the government following the Act of Secularization in 1804. The Castle Banz, Bamberg, has been retained by the Cistercians, and the Premonstratensians have have retained Speinshart, near Batreuth-Weiden.

It is interesting to note that the old barracks at Ingolstadt, where the Jesuit College, founded by Bl. Peter Canisius for humanistic studies, once stood, will again be occupied for that purpose. It was here that Father Christopher Scheiner discover the sun-spots. The famous St. Michael's Church in Munich, built for the Jesuits by Wilhelm V., has been again taken over by the order. The Republic is according the religious orders a greater freedom than the old Prussian system, which even in Catholic Bavaria hindered the establishment and growth of the monasteries.—*Exchange.*

More than 500,000 Men Enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer.—There has been formed in Germany an immense association of men called *Maenner Apostolat.*—The Apostolate of Men. The pious practices required of the members of

this association are so like those of the Apostleship of Prayer, that an arrangement was made between the directors of both organizations to have the men enroll themselves as members of the Apostleship of Prayer. The plan has worked so well that already over 500,000 have had their names put on the lists of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Two New "Messengers of the Sacred Heart".—As a natural result of the movement just mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have two *Messengers of the Sacred Heart.* The members of the *Maenner Apostolat* have their own official publication with 220,000 subscribers. Hereafter this organ will also be a mouth-piece for the Apostleship of Prayer, as it will publish each month a commentary on the general intention for the month, thus making it truly an organ of the Apostleship of Prayer.

There is also an organization composed of mothers of families with the same aim, the same spirit, and the same practices as the *Maenner Apostolat.* These too, have their monthly publication, the *Mutter Sontag* This has 240,000 subscribers, and will carry each month an article on the General Intention. So it, too, becomes an organ of the Apostleship of Prayer. All this means two more *Messengers of the Sacred Heart* with 460,000 subscribers.

INDIA, BENGAL. *Statistics of the Mission.*—In 1914 there were 261 schools with 5,355 pupils; in 1922 there are 470 schools with 10,450 pupils; this too in spite of the fact that the Government had reduced its grants by one half during the year 1921. This year, 1922, we get nothing at all.

POONA. *St. Vincent's High School.*—The 19th of July was a red-letter day for our school. The new wing was opened and inaugurated by His Excellency Sir George A. Lloyd, G. C. J. E., D. S. O., Governor of Bombay. Our cadets furnished his Guard of Honor. On His Excellency's arrival they gave the Royal Salute, whilst the school orchestra struck up the National Anthem. He was received by the Principal, Rev. Father C. Ghazzi, S. J., who presented to His Excellency the most notable among the large number of guests and friends of the school who had assembled for the festive occasion. Next His Excellency inspected his Guard of Honor. It was a proud moment for our lads who stood at attention, statue-like, and looked their smartest.

After the inspection, the opening proper of the new building took place. His Excellency ascending to the upper floor loosened the silk band and flung open the door leading into the newly-built magnificent hall (83x39 feet) and crossing to the south staircase, he descended into the lower hall or theatre where the pupils and visitors were assembled in large numbers. Among those seated on the platform around the dais of His Excellency were the Director of Public instruction Mr. P. Long; the leader of the Poona Bar, Mr. A. K. Ghaswalla, (an old Vincentian); Mr. D. Mikba,

Sessions Judge, a Parsi convert (one of the fruits of St. Xavier's College, Bombay) the High Priest of the Parsis, and other notabilities. His Excellency was greeted into the hall by a thundering burst of applause, whilst the school orchestra struck up Gounod's "Marche Romaine." An address to His Excellency was then read by the principal and superior, Father Ghazzi, in which he briefly related the long history of the much-needed and finally completed extension of the school building: the dream—one might aptly say the nightmare—of six successive principals. One of the said principals was Father Thomas Barrett, S. J., now at Holy Cross, Worcester. The new buildings were estimated by the Government to cost 165,000 rupees, towards which they promised a grant of 35,000.

The distribution of prizes followed, after which His Excellency gave a felicitous speech (he is a finely trained orator) which concluded with this significant passage: "I desire in behalf of my Government and myself to pay a tribute of grateful acknowledgment to the noble and devoted work in the cause of education carried on by that great society of which the Jesuit Fathers of this Presidency are the representatives. It is some 350 years since they began their labors in this country, and after three centuries and a half of experience we can only wish that their numbers were a a hundred per cent. greater than they are today." Before leaving, His Excellency announced a double holiday which was greeted with applause by the students. There are just now 350, of whom 200 are Catholics, the rest Parsis, Hindus, Mohamedans and Jews. The Parsis showed their practical appreciation of the good education received at our hands by subscribing Rs 7,800 towards the cost of the new building. Our Jesuit staff is a small one, just four fathers: one Italian, one Irish, one Portuguese, and an Indian secular priest. Last year we had for a short time two Americans, Father Thomas Barrett of the New York-Maryland province, and Father F. Rudden of the Missouri province, as well as a Swiss; Father J. B. Schroctas—a real *Grand Entente* as we used to term it. We four are saddled likewise with the parish of St. Xavier's, which means *inter alia*, directing the Native School for Madrassis, catechizing, and directing the convent, pupils and nuns, visiting the Sassoon Hospital and the Military Prisons, and the direction of four sodalites and the Catholic Club. The wonder is that we have been able to carry on all these works, in school, convent and parish, for so many years, since the withdrawal of the good German Fathers. But that God is good *qui dat nivem sicut lanam.* With the transfer of the Mission to the Aragonian Province great expections of valuable help have been raised. The help has come in fast to the Bombay institutions, but it is hardly felt since so many of the old hands have left for Europe, either to make the tertianship or to complete their theological

studies. Three secular priests lent to Poona by the kind Bishop of Nagpur, have been recalled. Father H. Westropp has gone to Patna, Father Parker to the Philippines and now there remain only Fathers Lynch, Bennett and Kieffer to represent among us the great American continent. The Poona Diocese has been without a Bishop since 1914, the Right Rev. Dr. Doëring, S. J. resigned two years ago and has sailed for Japan to open a new mission lately entrusted to the Province of Upper Germany. There is no likelihood of the German Fathers being allowed by the British Government to return to India before 1923—that at least, is the term of the five years fixed by law, during which Germans are to be excluded from India. For the last eight years the Swiss Fathers, with the substantial help of the good Americans and men of other provinces, have succeeded admirably in carrying on all the work, and in spite of untold difficulties, to make them flourish and expand. And now the time is come for the Aragon Fathers, the countrymen of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier who are to carry on the magnificent inheritance of their predecessors. *Floreant! crescant in mille millia!*

In union with your Holy Sacrifices and prayers,
Yours sincerely in Christ,
C. GHAZZI, S. J.

Trichinopoli. St. Joseph's College.—The report of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoli, India, states that since its inauguration, St. Joseph's has been responsible for the training of about 2000 graduates, not to mention tens of thousands of native youth, who received instruction within its walls. The work of this college in India has done much to make the Catholic Faith respected.

Catholic and Protestant Missions in India. — A missionary in India has compiled some interesting statistics on the relative strength of the Protestant and Catholic Missions. There are 136 missionary societies in England and America engaged in supplying India with men and money. They have in their service 5,200 European and American missionaries, men and women, besides 1,665 native ministers and 31,791 teachers and catechists. Catholic missions are manned by 1,278 priests assisted by 638 brothers, 3,592 nuns, with 7,698 native teachers and catechists. That is, there are 43,658 Protestants and 14,426 Catholics engaged in the missions of India. Needless to say the financial outlay of the Protestant missions is far in excess of the Catholic Indian missionary budget.—*The Examiner*, Bombay

Hints to Stamp Collectors.—By observing the following points, says Father Westropp, you will increase our stamp income ten-fold, if not more. Don't throw away even one stamp. The least damage even on the edge or back, ruins its value. Stamps from small islands and countries, like the West Indies and South Pacific Islands, smaller countries or colonies like Jamaica, Samoa, Gibraltar, Luxemburg; il-

literate countries like those in Africa, etc., etc., are worth 1000 times more than common American and European stamps. So seek out these with great zeal. As P. O. officials are often not over conversant with their rules, remember stamps go at 2nd class rate, 4oz. for 1d. (or 2 cents) to any part of the world. Search old letters for old stamps, especially Red Cross, war, surcharged, obsolete issues, etc., as these are valuable. When mailing, always use the most unused or rare stamp on the outside of the package, such as 24c. aeroplane (U. S.) 6c., 9c., 30., etc. Paste on well, far from the corner. If uninjured it will be taken off at our end and and bring good money. The best way to send stamps is in cloth bags; the worst way,—pasteboard box. Those that wish may clean (by cold water) and sort them, separating the rare from the common, uncommon stamps are best left on original envelopes. Envelope stamps to be cut square. Teachers, clerks in shipping firms, etc., especially in the large ports are the best ones to interest. Picture postcards, used or unused, especially foreign, native types, industrial, etc., are of great use. Both stamps and cards are sold or exchanged by collectors, hobbyists, etc., and the money is utilized for God's poor. The present monthly income from stamps is over $100 or 20 pounds. If the above instructions are followed this can easily be increased tenfold. If you have a friend in some out-of-the-way place like Africa, Borneo, Falkland Islands, etc., send him this appeal. This work is something even a child can perform. N. B.—Catholic magazines and devotional articles, stationery and other little things are also welcome. (Father Westropp's address is: H. I. Westropp, S. J., Catholic Missions, Chorhari, (via Bettiah) (Dist. Charnparan) India.

IRELAND. *Death of Father James Cullen.*—1841—Born at New Ross, Co. Wexford. 1856-61—Student at Glongowes. 1864—Ordained priest, at Carlow and appointed Curate at Wexford. 1866—Became one of the founders of the House of Missions, Enniscorthy. 1881—Entered the Society of Jesus. 1885—Founded a Total Abstinence Association among Maynooth Students. 1888-1904—Founder and Editor of the *Irish Messenger*, Editor of the *Messenger Popular Penny Library*—the forerunner of the Catholic Truth Society. 1898—Founded the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association. 1904—Attached to the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street, Dublin. 1921—December 6th, death.

If the aim of Glongowes is to turn out great Catholics and great Irishmen (and what other aim has any Irish Catholic School?) then Father Cullen is the greatest of her children. His work falls under three heads—Catholic Literature, Temperence, and Mission Work. In the domain of literature he has a unique record. In 1888 he founded the *Irish Messenger* (the sum of one pound being advanced by the Provincial towards expenses!) He watched over its fortunes until 1904, and today the *Irish Messenger* has a monthly circulation of

300,000 copies, and is read by Irish Catholics in every quarter of the globe. In addition he founded the *Messenger Popular Penny Library*, which was the forerunner of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. His Temperance Catechism—though it comes more under the head of temperance than of literature, had a circulation over 300,000 by 1912.

His work for temperance began in the House of Missions, Enniscorthy. In fact, he himself has said that he entered the Society of Jesus because he hoped thus to give his undivided attention to the study of the temperance problem. In 1885 he founded a Total Abstinence Society among the students of Maynooth College. But it was not until 1898 that he founded the association with which he is most identified in the public mind—The Pioneer Total Abstinence Association, which today has a membership of over a quarter of a million.

In the conduct of the missions and retreats, he travelled all over Ireland, and worked also in England and South Africa. In this branch of his life's activities, too, he had won his reputation as a young priest in Enniscorthy, and even to this day the old people of the diocese of Ferns talk of those wonderful missions preached by him then and of the great good they wrought.

Such is the barest outline of his life. Up to the time of his death he was still working, and, what is still more wonderful, he had that same interest in the live problems of the day which was his as a young man.

Mungret College, Its Bishops.—The Apostolic School of Mungret has now to its credit no less than five episcopal appointments, including one Archbishop-Primate. As in the case of two of them some years have elapsed since the appointments, we may recall that the Rt. Rev. Dr. M. J. Gallagher (1885-89) was appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Grand Rapids in 1915, succeeded to that See next year, and was transferred to Detroit in 1918; while the Rt. Rev. Wm. Turner, (1883–88), the author of the well-known *History of Philosophy*, was created Bishop (N. Y.) in 1919. It is a notable fact that all these appointments are to dioceses in the United States of America. When the late Father Wm. Ronan, S. J., founded the College of Mungret to supply priests to missions abroad, he made his appeal for funds, partly no doubt at home in Ireland, but also very largely in the United States, where he spent nearly two years and travelled widely. Thus the College was brought into special and intimate relations with several of the American dioceses. Indeed during the first twenty years of its existence more than half of its priests went into that country. Later, however, a number proceeded to Austrailia, to S. Africa, to India and elsewhere, while more recently a move toward China is quite noticeable.

JAPAN. *Father Hoffmann, Superior of the Japanese Mission and the University at Tokyo writes to Father Provincial under Date of July 11*—"The safe return of Father McNeal

to our mission and his report of the great charity shown him and the facilities afforded him throughout your Province during his whole stay, makes it incumbent upon me to send you at least a word of acknowledgement and appreciation.

You can hardly realize the great substantial value to a mission like ours of Your Reverence's authorization and encouragement.

I shall have to rely on you to convey to local superiors my oppreciation of all they did on so many occasions and in so many ways to aid our representative in his work.

It will console you to know that a Mass is offered, first intention, on every Wednesday in our domestic chapel for the benefactors of our institution. Among them none should take precedence of those members of the Society who have aided in our work of securing an endowment."

The Catholic University of Tokyo.—Father McNeal writes in the *Catholic Missions*: "In the year 1907 Pope Pius X., moved by a comprehensive report on Catholic conditions and needs in Japan, made to him in consequence of his special embassy sent to that empire in 1905, decided that the most urgent need of the Japanese Church, and at the same time the means best suited to promote the prestige and expansion of Christianity in Japan, was the establishment of a Catholic University.

Acting on this conviction, the Holy Father in the year 1907 assigned the work of founding such an institution to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Obedient to the will of the Supreme Pontiff three Jesuit priests arrived in Yokohama on October 18, 1909. The Fathers were most cordially received by his Grace the Archbishop of Tokyo, who assigned to them in that city temporary quarters in what had been a Catholic Students' Dormitory.

Here they remained occupying their time in the study of the language, in conferences with leading educators, and in the difficult task of finding a suitable site for a university in a crowded and rapidly growing city of some three million inhabitants.

It was not until April, 1912, that such a site was secured at the cost of 450,000 yen, say, $225,000. This land covers three and one-half acres, unusually well protected from disagreeable encroachments and within easy reach of two trolley lines, the belt line and the inter-urban electric railways.

The land when acquired was occupied by some Japanese buildings which could be used to house the faculty and students, but were quite unsuited for academic purposes. Accordingly the construction of a three-story brick building for use as a recitation hall was promptly begun, and in 1914 was completed at a cost of 120,000 yen, say, $60,000, and opened for the use of students.

Beginning with a modest enrollment of 20, the roster of students—all of college or university grade—had increased

to 120, when I left Japan in October, 1919. The number of Jesuit Professors has been augmented from the original trio to nine. Their work is supplemented by about twenty Japanese professors, all of high standing and reputation in Tokyo, and demanding of course adequate, not to say generous, salaries. Such men are indispensable for the high standard which a Catholic University must maintain in the midst of the greatest non-Christian educational center in the world.

The charter and title of a university were obtained from the Japanese government after a special cabinet meeting held to consider our case in all its aspects. The attitude of the Government, though reserved, was distinctly fair, and has grown more favorable as the institution has more than fulfilled the expectations of the official authorities.

The aim of this university may be succinctly stated as two-fold: to build up a group of intellectual leaders both lay and clerical among the Catholics of Japan, and to represent the Catholic Church as a learned aud progressive body before the educated public of Japan.

The imperative importance of the former of these aims is patent to anyone who remembers that the Catholics of Japan, though perfectly organized with an Archbishop and hierarchy, and with good religious institutions in the hands of several orders, are yet outnumbered 800 to one by the non-Christian population amid which they live.

There are about 75,000 Catholics, and the population of Japan is more than 60,000,000. Such a minority without leaders of its own is incapable of steady growth, and is practically helpless. Moreover, the danger of young Catholics forced to seek all higher education in distinctly non-Christian universities is obvious. Add to this the humiliation of their being obliged to admit that their advanced erudition and degrees must be derived from non-Christian sources.

From this last consideration the second aim of the institution is equally evident. A Church which comes to a thoroughly civilized non-Christian country in which education is even more widely diffused than in the United States, cannot afford to admit that it is inferior in intellectual resources and progressiveness. To do so is all the more fatal where well-equipped and well-supported non-Catholic institutions abound, conspicuous by the learning and prestige of their faculties and the imposing character of their buildings.

A Church regarded as identified with what are regarded as decadent nationalities and equipped for nothing beyond high-school education may win affection, but she cannot command respect from the most powerful and progressive non-Christian country in the world today. Non-Catholic institutions eminating almost exclusively from America, American institutions exclusively non-Catholic simply cast Catholicity in the shade and blind the Japanese to the fact

of the existence and standing of the Church in the United States. Hence appears the wisdom of the erection at so great a cost of an imposing structure and of having American Catholicity represented on the teaching staff.

The resources of the institution, though deplorably limited, were not so inadequate as to render its inception rash or the hopes of its founders chimerical. The Society of Jesus, contrary to its usual custom in the foundation of colleges advanced a fund of 1,500,000 francs, then worth $300,000, gathered from all parts of Christendom. To this, one of the American provinces of the same society, contributed yearly some $5,000, the result of the unknown charity of the faithful in the United States.

A similar amount was coming from Europe until the European war precluded all such outlay for any of the missions. Besides, there had been amassed in Europe, by collections made there prior to the war, a sum equal in normal times to $50,000, but now unavailable at any such valuation owing to the destructive rate of exchange. Ireland, even during the war and until the more recent troubles in that country, contributed about $250 annually in alms from the faithful peasantry, collected and forwarded to Tokyo through the *Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

Donations of books for the university's very modest library have been received from one of our leading American publishers, from Campion College in Wisconsin, and from one of the foremost publishers in Spain.

The tuition fees of the students, formerly fixed at $25 a year and now raised to $30 in order to meet the high cost of living in Japan, are insufficient to pay the salaries of the above mentioned Japanese professors. For these salaries, provision has to be made by drawing on the interest of the original fund instead of applying that fund to upkeep and expansion.

The fees paid by the students for board and lodging are entirely consumed by necessery provisions, service and deterioration of the plant. The Fathers depend for their own livelihood entirely on stipends sent in by the faithful, a precarious source of supply. This source cannot be relied upon for the support of teaching scholastics, so important and desirable a branch of the faculty in normal Jesuit colleges. The University is not assigned as a mission to any of the provinces of the Society of Jesus, nor can such assignment be looked for in the near future, owing to difficulties which now seem unsurmountable. It cannot therefore rely on that steady support which a localized interest in its welfare might engender.

Property devoted to educational purposes is exempt from taxes in Japan, but this law is so strictly interpreted as not to be applicable to the residences of teachers and students, or the adjacent gardens, or even to the land on which such

structures stand unless instruction is actually imparted in them.

From the above statement it will appear that the institution, though solvent, is in a precarious condition and in no suitable position for growth or expansion.

A perusal of the foregoing makes it apparent that the prime need of this institution is an adequate foundation if it is to accomplish the purpose it was commissioned by the Holy See to undertake, in the leading educational and economic centre of the non-Christian world. This need has been recently thrown into prominence by the action of the Japanese department of education.

This department promulgated an ordinance whereby private universities "shall be required to possess sufficient capital and funds for the necessary equipment of the university and receipts enough for its support. The capital funds shall be in cash or in national loan bonds, or such bonds as are approved by the Minister of Education. These shall be deposited."

According to a scale determined by the same department, the "sufficient capital and funds for the necessary equipment" of the Catholic University in its existing state with no expansion whatever are 600,000 yen, say, $300,000; not a fabulous sum according to American standards, but difficult to raise among a body of the faithful so little imbued with missionary information and ideals as our American Catholics are.

The educational ordinance further provided that "schools not coming under this ordinance, excepting such as have special imperial sanction and regulation, may not call themselves universities, nor may they use the ideographs in their designations which have the meaning 'University.'" Finally it is provided in an appendix that: "This ordinance went into effect April 1, 1919."

Evidently, therefore, the Catholic University is actually existing on sufferance and is liable at any moment to lose its title and be precluded from giving degrees, with the consequent collapse of its reputation and diminution of its student body inevitable in such cases. It will simply go out of business.

The results of the work show that the hopes on which our undertaking was founded were not visionary. Excepting the rapid growth in enrollment, these results cannot be measured by statistics. But it is true to say that Japanese Catholics all over Japan and even outside of it have taken new heart in the realizatiou that at last they have a University of their own. The number of converts among the students has been gratifying and their character influential for good.

The government has shown growing confidence by employing our professors in its own higher institutions, civil and military, by permitting its officials to lecture in our halls,

and by employing our graduates in positions of trust. The classes have been frequented by persons of distinguished rank.

Prejudice against the Church has been diminished; one official, at first violently opposed to our scheme, is now sending his son to our classes. The leading corporations have rated our graduates on a par with those of Imperial universities. High ecclesiastics and the religious orders of Japan have spoken of the University as a work of prime importance to the Church of Japan, and have confirmed their utterances by sending to the Tokyo institution their candidates for holy orders.

MISSOURI PROVINCE. These notes are taken from the *News-Letter*.

CHICAGO. *Loyola University—Transfer of Collegiate Department to North Shore.*—The autumn session of the Arts Department of the University will inaugurate the transfer of the college department from West Roosevelt Road, where it has been during the past fifty years, to the North Shore Campus. All the college classes will be conducted in the Michael Cudahy Science Hall where some adaptations have provided a half dozen additional class rooms. The entire building has been decorated. The Academy classes will occupy the same building which has always housed them, and four new classrooms for high school work have been provided on the ground floor of the new Faculty Building. Practically all the ground floor space in the new building outside of these four classrooms is given over to library stack room and reading room accommodations.

New Faculty Building.—Although this building was begun as late as Easter time, a happy combination of good weather conditions, the absence of labor trouble and skilful management on the part of the builder, Mr. George W. Steiles, has enabled the community to move into it before the beginning of the school year. Certain portions which are yet unfinished will be completed before the end of September.

New Gymnasium.—Ground was broken for a large gymnasium building on the Loyola Campus on September 5. The exterior dimensions of the building are two hundred and sixty-six by ninety-four feet. It is expected that the basket-ball floor will be in readiness by the first of January. At least $10,000 has been saved by being able to transfer the building organization from work on the faculty building over to the gymnasium without delay.

Home Study Department.—That the University has done a real service to the Catholic community throughout the country in organizing a home study department is evidenced by the multitude of inquiries which have come in from all parts of the United States and Canada, and by the large number who have already registered for the limited number

of courses which have been organized up to date. Students of collegiate grade can obtain a limited number of credits towards an Arts Degree through correspondence courses.

Expansion of the University Press.—The floor space hitherto given over to the activities of the *University Press* has practically been doubled. This expansion, besides making for more efficient and expeditious handling of the work, has made possible the installation of an additional intertype machine. The various publications of the *Press*, especially the theological texts recently edited in Latin, have elicited expressions of praise from critics in all parts of the world.

FLORISSANT. *The New Chapel.*—The exterior of the new chapel building at Florissant, Missouri, is nearing completion, and the end of October should see it under roof. It is to be fully ready in all details for the celebration of the centenary, in the middle of May next, though it is to be hoped that long before that time, perhaps even before Christmas, parts of it may be occupied in order to relieve the congestion in the novices' quarters.

The building is much more than a chapel. A spacious hall fills the basement; here, too, are the bakery, the workmen's dining room, refrigerating rooms, store rooms, boiler room, etc.; the ground floor is taken up by the large refectory, which, when filled to capacity, should seat over 300. Back of it are the kitchen and scullery. The second story is occupied by the chapel. It has three altars; four more are located in as many side chapels. The main chapel is forty feet high in the clear and forty-one feet wide between pillars. It is seventy feet long to the communion railing and one hundred and five feet to the rear of the apse. The building itself and the furnishings contemplated, and in part already donated, should make this chapel without a peer in the province. Its completion will bring the realization of a long cherished hope of all the members of the province.

OMAHA. *Creighton University—Medical Reserves.*—Surgeon General Ireland, under date of August 1, has authorized the organization at the Creighton Medical College of a general hospital, organized reserves, to be known as General Hospital No. 55, or Creighton University College of Medicine Unit. All the commissioned officers, including a colonel, will be chosen from the Creighton faculty, and will have the obligation to serve in case of war. The unit is planned to operate with a personnel of something more than 400, including about 100 nurses, besides pharmacists, orderlies, cooks, bakers and others.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN. *Campion College.*—The summer school for teaching scholastics of the Missouri Province was held at Campion College from July 10 to July 28. Courses were offered in science, mathematics, history, classics, literature and pedagogy. At least two of the courses

were pursued by each of those attending the summer school. The usual collegiate credits were given at the end of the course. This year the California, New Orleans and Canadian Provinces were also represented at the summer school. From the Missouri Province about 150 attended.

Laymen's Retreats.—Three retreats were given at Campion this summer, July 7-9, 14-16 and 28-30. The first was attended mainly by a La Crosse group; the second by a delegation from St. Ignatius' Church, Chicago, while the men who attended the third came, in great part, from towns throughout central Wisconsin. Several other groups applied, but were too late in making application. The retreat, in each case, began on Friday morning at seven o'clock and closed at eleven the following Sunday morning. The retreats were conducted by Fathers Grace, McGuire and Mertz, respectively.

For the first time in three years, the La Crosse diocesan clergy were able to have their retreat this year. The retreat was arranged in two sections of about seventy each. Bishop McGavick came with the first contingent, and Monsignor Kremer with the second. Father Stritch gave both retreats. Marquette Hall was placed at the disposal of the retreatants.

St. Louis. *Golden Jubilee Celebration of Father Burrowes.*—The golden jubilee of the entrance into the Society of Jesus of Father A. J. Burrowes, was celebrated at both Florissant and St. Louis. The actual date of Father Burrowes' anniversary fell on August 10, but the celebration was postponed because of the vacation season.

The Florissant celebration took place at the novitiate, Sunday, August 27, the day before the celebration of the same event at St. Louis University. It was decided to honor the jubilarian at St. Stanislaus', in view of his previous connection with that place in various capacities and of his well-known affection for it.

The cornerstone of the building in which the celebration occurred was laid while Father Burrowes was a novice, at a time when the community had outgrown the old Rock Building. It was significant that he has lived to see the community again outgrow its quarters and to witness the construction of a much larger community chapel and refectory.

Father Burrowes said the community Mass, and after breakfast spent an hour with the juniors at a Victrola recital. The real celebration took place at the community dinner amid music and several post-prandial talks.

At the conclusion of the program Father Burrowes was asked to speak. His short talk consisted of a series of anecdotes and an appeal to the younger men of the province to be true to the high ideals of charity and work which he felt had made possible the growth of the province in his half century as a Jesuit.

The jubilarian spoke of the reputation for charity and hospitality, which the Missouri Province had throughout the Society, and called it a true heritage from the pioneers of our province. Briefly touching upon the history of his own years in the Society, Father Burrowes attributed any success he had to the co-operation of the various communities in which he lived, and said that a man could accomplish anything with a happy community.

On Monday, August 28, St. Louis University paid tribute to Father Burrowes' fifty years of devoted labor in the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. Father Burrowes, as a former rector of St. Louis University, and as former Provincial, has a special claim upon the University, and the celebration was an attempt to show in some degree the appreciation and gratitude which the community feels.

The spirit of the occasion was one of genial piety and good feeling, a characteristic which may be said to have been the outstanding feature of the Reverend Jubilarian's life in the Society.

A Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the morning in the domestic chapel. Father Burrowes was the celebrant, Father Moeller, deacon, and Father Mathery, subdeacon. Father O'Meara, whose years of service reach even beyond those of Father Burrowes, preached an eloquent jubilee sermon.

The refectory saw the close of the celebration in the evening. His Grace, Archbishop Glennon, was present at the dinner, and in happy vein congratulated his old friend. The felicitations of the Province, of the community and of the scholasticate were expressed by Very Reverend Father Provincial, Reverend Father Rector and Father Leo Mullany, respectively. Mr. Thomas Divine read the jubilee poem. Father J. L. Davis was toastmaster, and added much to the occasion by his witty and brilliant sallies. The Scholastics' Instrumental Quartet and the Scholastics' Glee Club furnished appropriate musical numbers. At the close of the banquet Father Burrowes expressed his gratitude to God for the fifty years he had been privileged to serve Him in the Society, and his great love of the Society and the Missouri Province in particular.

St. Louis University. *Admiral Benson and Ours.*—Admiral Benson was the speaker at the University commencement exercises, but he was much more than that to the members of this community. He was our guest during his stay in the city. He expressed a preference to staying in our house rather than in the hotel where arrangements had been made for him. He attended the community Mass, came to all the recreations, and from first to last was one of us. On Decoration Day he was taken out to Florissant, where he visited the graves of Father De Smedt and the others who have won their fight. He spoke briefly to the novices who gathered about to greet him. At the University he

gave a talk to the scholastics in familiar form explaining the naval policy of America during the war. At the conclusion several questions were asked, to all of which he replied with great candor and precision. He repeatedly expressed his admiration and love of the Society, particularly for its uncompromising opposition to evil under all disguises.

Father Van Rossum and Retreats—Father Van Rossum died April 29, 1922.—Retreats were the Father's favorite priestly work, and his remarkable and acknowledged success as a master of retreats amply and fully justified his predilection for this great ministry of the Society. Every year he gave several retreats to the clergy of various dioceses and numerous retreats to religious men and women. His most successful work as a master of the Exercises was done in his retreats for laymen. These were annual events in the summer months at St. Stanislaus'. The history of these retreats is, as usual, a story of modest beginnings ending in a solidly established institution of generous proportions. As a result of considerable persuading, and not a little coaxing by him and several of the Fathers at Cleveland, sixteen gentlemen promised to come for the first scheduled retreat. On the appointed day all but two failed to put in an appearance. It was suggested to Father Van Rossum to cancel the retreat. His answer was that he would have made a beginning even if only one retreatant had come, and that two were twice as many as one. In place of the two exercitants who had made the retreats in 1906, there were as many as two hundred of them, who came for their annual retreat during the last years of his life; and not a few of his regular retreatants were gentlemen of distinction,—prominent lawyers, physicians and business men.

Ordinations at St. Louis University. — The following theologians were raised to the holy priesthood by Archbishop Glennon on June 24th: Missouri Province—John J. Keefe, Charles H. Metzger, Leo H. Mullany, William J. O'Shaughnessy, Francis X. Peacock, Aloysius S. Pettit, Louis G. Weitzman, Dennis F. Burns, Richard E. Connolly, William V. Doyle, Mark S. Gross, William P. Manion, Joseph A. Roubik, Francis L. Sebastiani, Henry Wilmering, Joseph Lannon, Francis X. Scott, Charles L. Crotty, William J. Tracy. California Province—Eugene Ivancovich, Robert S. Burns, Henry B. Busch, Cornelius Mullen. New Orleans Province—Robert T. Bryant, Percy A. Roy.

NEW YORK. *Auriesville—The Shrine.*—Last year fifteen thousand visited the now famous American Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y. It is thirty-eight years since the zeal of Reverend Joseph Loyzance, S. J., was instrumental in discovering the site of the old Mission of the Martyrs, established by Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., in 1646, among the savage Iroquois.

FORDHAM. *Father John J. Collins, formerly Vicar Apos-*

tolic of Jamaica, gives his impression of Lourdes.—"It is impossible to describe Lourdes. You must see it and feel the atmosphere of it in order to appreciate its meaning and its place in the Catholic life of the world today. A priest cannot go there without taking away something to help him in his work for souls.

I attended two Pontifical Masses, one on Sunday and the other on Monday. The one on Monday was said in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux. I said my Mass at the grotto at 8 A. M., and then attended the Pontifical Mass. At the two Pontifical Masses the priests and the faithful were asked to pray for France, for Ireland and for Poland, and in the order given. Prayers were also asked for the allies, including America. They even mentioned Jamaica out of respect for me.

It is the first time I have been at Lourdes, and I must say I felt that I never knew what it was to pray before. There you see the clergy and laity united in heartfelt prayer as in the one great business of life, the salvation of souls.

The features of Lourdes are the torchlight processions at 8 P. M. and the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at 4 P. M. This procession is concluded by benediction and the recitation of the creed. Before the benediction, the prelate who carries the monstrance goes round the circle where all the incurables are gathered and blesses each by making the sign of the cross with the monstrance. On this occasion over 300 incurables were present.

During the blessing of the sick, a priest says a wonderful litany calling on our Lady of Lourdes and our Blessed Lord to heal and bless. The ceremony is very impressive and touching. The afternoon I was present five miracles were reported. The next morning some of our party witnessed the cure of a blind woman. They say they never will forget it. The poor woman had just come from the bath. Her right eye opened first and the first object she saw was the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes. Those who witnessed the miracle say they can never forget the expression on her face. She began to cry out: "O God, do with me as You will!" Those near her fell on their knees instinctively; some prostrated themselves, and others stretched out their arms, all adoring and praising God for His mercies and blessings. They all felt the presence of God in a wonderful way.

There was a national pilgrimage on at the time. It was most admirable to see priests and people together everywhere. Sisters also were there in large numbers. It was the church militant. A spirit of prayer was manifest in the voice and demeanor of all. It would reward any priest to come from the ends of the earth to Lourdes just to see what a whole-souled Catholic people in prayer is.

I leave here for London on August 27, and sail from Liverpool on the 31st. My tour has all been very wonderful, never-

theless, I shall be pleased to be on the steamer homeward bound."

NEW YORK. *St. Francis Xavier's—The Holy Father, Pius XI, commends Father John J. Wynne for his great work in publishing The Catholic Encyclopedia.*

THE VATICAN,
ROME, August 12, 1922.

REVEREND FATHER—

The Holy Father has learned with great pleasure how much you have done by that most important publication, *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, compiled to set forth the history of the Church, to spread and popularize Catholic doctrine and discipline, and to treat from a Catholic standpoint the principal questions in philosophic and social science. This work is bound to produce good results in abundance, not only among Catholics, but also among many who are separated from the Roman Church to which God has entrusted the deposit of Faith and the infallible interpretation of the natural law itself. It is, therefore, a very happy idea to place copies of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* in each of the five thousand American libraries where non-Catholic readers can have easily at hand its great treasures. In this way one can hope that prejudices against our holy religion, arising from ignorance or from imperfect knowledge, will be, partly at least, dispelled.

His Holiness, therefore, congratulates you on this worthy project, and anticipating with eagerness the spiritual benefits to be obtained from such precious and apostolic labors, he imparts to Your Reverence with paternal affection his Apostolic Benediction.

I gladly seize this favorable occasion to express to Your Reverence very sincere esteem, and remain,

Affectionately in Our Lord,
D. C. GASPARRI.

Father Charles J. Mullaly elected Vice-President of Catholic Press Association.—One of the largest and most constructive conventions of The Catholic Press Association ever held was that which convened in Cleveland July 28-29. A resolution was adopted thanking the Hierarchy for their help in extending the usefulness of the Catholic Press. The secretary's report showed that twenty active members and seven associate members had been added since the last convention. Sixty-five delegates were in attendance. The newly elected officers are: President, F. W. Harvey, Jr., of *Extension Magazine;* vice-President, Rev. Charles J. Mullaly, S. J., editor of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart;* Secretary, Mr. McKearney, of *The Catholic Universe*, and Treasurer, Mr. Wey, editor of *The Bulletin*, the two latter being in Cleveland.

The Province Sends Out Thirteen to the Foreign Mission.—Thirteen more American Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province have gone to foreign mission fields. To the Philip-

pines—Fathers Thomas A. M. Shanahan, William F. Jordan and Herbert J. Parker; Messrs. Henry B. McCullough, Earl J, Carpenter, Vincent I. Kennally, Walter J. Meagher, John R. O'Connell and George J. Willmann. To Jamaica—Fathers Henry P. Wennerberg and Aloysius M. Thibbitts; Messrs. David J. Moran and John F. Treubig.

The Same Old Spirit—We clip the following from the *Hartford Transcript.*—The war record of the exiled religious men and women of France is something which every right-hearted and right-minded Christian should cherish and defend. It is neither gracious nor just to minimize the patriotic services of the Jesuits. That ungenerous task has been undertaken by at least one of the publicists of the Republic. *The Eclair* in a recent issue carries an article from M. Jean Bernard, wherein he questions the character of their service, and indicates that it could have been more whole-souled and complete.

The Jesuits were banished from their country in the piping times of peace. They came back when their country was in dire distress, giving all mankind the example of a patriotism that beareth all things and forgiveth all things. History affords few examples of such magnanimity. It required the union of religion and patriotism to produce such heroism.

"What could be happier than to die a religious and a soldier?" asked one young brother when taking leave of his fellows. Nothing, provided his country had treated him with respect and was prepared to accept his sacrifice and keep his memory secure.

To give one's life for the country that disowns you and drives you like an intruder beyond its confines, after despoiling you of your goods and possessions is something more than everyday magnanimity. Such treatment does not conduce to whole-hearted service. But the Jesuits forgot their grievances and went into the field and to the thickest of the fray. Their persecuting countrymen had much to blush for and many things which they could well afford to forget. The Jesuits preferred to heap coals of fire upon the heads of their enemies and to do good to them that reviled and persecuted them. The fact that they are again to be traduced only serves to bring into bolder relief the example of the consecrated Christian heroism which they have set for the world and which stamps them as the finest flower of Christian patriotism of the World War.

New Orleans Province. *Destruction of St. Stanislaus' Novitiate by Fire.*—On Monday, November 7th, 1921, St. Sanislaus Novitiate, Macon, Ga., was completely destroyed by fire, which originated in the fifth story of the building, and which had progressed so far when it was discovered, that it was impossible to extinguish it. The cause has never been established, and not only was the building an entire loss, but practically all the furnishings of the entire

house, the fine library and vestments were lost.

The juniors were removed to Augusta, Ga., where they completed the year, the old Sacred Heart College serving the purpose of dormitory, ascetories, class rooms, chapel and recreation hall.

The novices were transferred to Mt. Kostka, the villa some three miles to the north of the novitiate, and they spent the rest of the year there, everything possible being done to ensure their comfort and well-being.

Galveston College Closed.—The college in Galveston, Tex., was closed at the end of June, 1922, and in future our Fathers will have charge of the parish church only.

Golden Jubilee of Three of Ours.—On September 9th, Father Alexius de Stockalpar, in Tampa, Fla., and Brother Alosius Boeni, in Grand Coteau, La., celebrated the golden jubilee of their entrance into the Society. Both left Switzerland together for the novitiate, in 1872, and have endeared themselves to the privince by their unfaltering zeal and sterling labor during this long span of years. Both received the heartfelt greetings and congratulations not only of Ours but also of many well wishers of the jubilarians outside the Society.

On the 25th of September, 1922, Father Joseph Arthuis reached the privileged day of his golden jubilee, and the event was celebrated at San Felipe Church, Old Albuquerque, where he labored for many years, and won the affection of the simple Mexican people by his genuine love for them, and by the extraordinary energy he displayed in building the Church of St. Ignatius, and beautifying the grounds in the immediate vicinity with numerous statues and shrines, and making the beautiful garden that has appeared in the midst of a veritable waste of rocks and sand.

PHILADELPHIA. *St. Joseph's College—The Sodalities.*—At the beginning of the year 1921-1922, the sodalities were two in number, one for the college and one for the high school, but the fourth year of the high school sent its members to the college sodality. This was not a good plan, since the college boys and the others do not mingle, and do not, speaking generally, even know one another, a condition which made it necessary to manage the upper sodality almost as if it were two, practically doubling the corps of officers. For this reason, at the end of the year, it was decided that the high school sodalists from fourth and third year should form one sodality, and those from second and first another. There were only two diplomas, so a third was procured, to belong to the upper high school sodality, with Our Lady of the Wayside as primary and St. Johns Berchmans as secondary patron.

Passage from one of these sodalities to the next is not a matter of course, but each candidate is voted on, has a probation of some sort, though the director admits without probation a few of the very best sodalists from the lower body.

The college sodality membership was around 50, being a proportion of something over one out of every three available in the classes drawn from. The high school sodality drew from classes with a total of over 400 boys, and ran up to a membership of 140.

In both sodalities, but more especially in the lower, the rule about selectness was kept constantly in view, one of the elements considered being marks: 80 was the minimum allowed. The average mark of the members was nearly 88 in both sodalities. There were several dismissals.

Meetings were held on Mondays for the college sodality, and on Tuesday for the other. No meeting was ever omitted unless it came on a holiday. The day for the weekly meeting was chosen by the respective councils, as was also the time. This was in both cases 8.15 A. M. The exercises were reading, office, general communion, thanksgiving, conference, sodality prayers, ending at 8.45, in time for the boys to get a little breakfast before class at 9. Towards the end of the year, the councils agreed to advance the time to eight o'clock, and Benediction was given after Communion. This arrangement is quite satisfactory.

The section work has been well executed. Much has been done for the holy souls, and much for the missions. To aid the latter, the work of the propagation of the Faith was inaugurated, the college and high school forming a district center. One of the ladies of the teachers' sodality is general secretary, and the five cent collection each month is made by the promoters of the Apostleship, who are also sodalists. There is a reparation section to make the ejaculation *Thy Kingdom Come* often, and especially when one sees or hears anything wrong done or said. The purpose is two-fold, this and to encourage recollection among the members. The self-denial section is also in honor, each member choosing every month two little acts from a printed list to practise by way of mortification.

The real work of the year was that of the Communion sections. Each meeting is a general Communion day, and it was very edifying to note how the boys would come an hour before class, and fasting, in order to receive Holy Communion. This meant, of course, two communions a week for nearly all, as confessions were on Saturday, and Communion on Sunday is natural just after confession. Not a few of the sodalists received Communion oftener than twice a week, and a good number were daily communicants, some of them coming to the chapel for it: Communion was given every day at 8.30. In November, Lent and May, a special invitation was extended to all the boys, and especially in Lent, there were many communicants in the chapel on school days.

The attendance has been fair during the year, an average, during the second term, of 88 in the high school and of 37 in the college. A simple and effective method of recording at-

tendance was in use. Small printed envelopes were distributed, with blank spaces for the date, the dues put in, the reception of Communion and the name. Excuses for absence were written on the back.

The officers of these sodalities are voted for by the couucils and the sodalities, but the vote is only advisory, and the real appointment is by the director. This is the method preferred in Rule 20, of the Common Rules of 1910. The plan is a good one, as it eliminates canvassing and favoritism and mere class spirit, besides possible jealousies. Again, it is more likely to secure good officers, as the director knows the boys better than the council or sodality does, and can fill the posts better.

The sodalities are growing in prestige in the school.

The New St. Joseph's College Plans are Announced—The Approval of His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty.—Father Albert G. Brown, President of St. Joseph's College and Rector of the Gesù Church, announced, September 9, the forming of the new St. Joseph's College Foundation, the purpose of which is to provide for the plans and financing of the new college to be built at Fifty-fourth Street and the city line to take the place of the present St. Joseph's College, at Seventeenth and Stiles Streets.

Cardinal Dougherty, upon hearing the plans, gave his hearty indorsement and accepted the honorary chairmanship of the advisory committee. A campaign to raise $1,000,000 for the purchase of the ground and the erection of the principal building will be conducted late in November.

The first meeting to arrange for the campaign was held in the college auditorium, Seventeenth and Stiles Streets, Sunday night, September 10.

Cardinal Dougherty's indorsement was contained in a letter he addressed to the priests and laity of the Archdiocese.

LETTER OF HIS EMINENCE.

September 6th, 1922.

To the Reverend Clergy and Beloved Laity of the Diocese of Philadelphia:

Because of the growth in the number of pupils who attend St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, the Reverend Jesuit Fathers intend to transfer to Overbrook the collegiate department of that institution. After the transfer, the present buildings at Seventeenth and Stiles Streets will serve exclusively as a high school.

It is not necessary to remind the Catholics of this diocese of the services rendered religion by the Jesuit Fathers. They were the pioneer priests who ministered to our scattered people in the early days before and after the American Revolution. For upwards of two hundred years, they sacrificed themselves for the salvation of souls in and about Philadelphia. Many saintly, scholarly Jesuits gave the best years of their lives to the upbuilding of this diocese.

But their ambition has ever been to develop in Philadelphia a great Catholic college. Indeed, from the foundation of their Society, they have been eager to impart everywhere a sound and brilliant Catholic education. They have produced not only saints, but also great scholars, eminent for their ability and learning. They have ever kept before their minds the fact that education is one of the most important helps to religion.

Since the need of our age is Catholic leadership in all religious activities, in the professions, in trades, and in society, it is their aim to develop leaders grounded in Catholic doctrine, loyal to the Church, and with minds trained to fit them as instructors of others and as champions of the Catholic cause.

The object of the proposed new College of St. Joseph is to give to our Catholic boys the highest possible secular and religious education.

But in order to attract students, their school must be fully equipped. Every excuse must be taken away from Catholic parents for sending their boys to non-Catholic institutions where faith and morals run the risk of shipwreck. Then good citizens will be developed, and the Catholic Church will become the bulwark of our government and of society.

The new enterprise will call for a great outlay of money. It is calculated that the grounds and the buildings required will cost fully a million dollars.

The only way the Jesuit Fathers can raise this sum is by popular subscription. For this purpose, a campaign will begin at once for the purchase of the land and the erection of the buildings. In other cities of the United States they have conducted similar campaigns with signal success. We feel confident that Philadelphia will not prove an exception, but that, on the contrary, it will show its appreciation of Christian education and of the work done in this diocese by those zealous religious. We shall be the beneficiaries of the sacrifices made by them. It is for us to show them our gratitude for what they have already done and our appreciation of their new undertaking.

I earnestly recommend this campaign to our Reverend Clergy and devoted laity. I ask their co-operation in this great work; and I pray God to make it a success.

Very aff'ly yours,

✠ D. Card. Dougherty,
Abp. of Phila.

Rev. Matthew L. Fortier, S. J., one of the best known priests in the city, will be intimately associated with Father Brown in management of the Foundation. Father Fortier is dean of St. Joseph's College extension courses, professor of natural law, and will take up new duties as regent of the proposed law school. Last December Father Fortier arranged for the elaborate Dante celebration in the Academy of Music.

Plans for the College.—"The new St. Joseph's College is the

fondest dream of the Jesuit priests located in Philadelphia," said Father Brown, in looking forward to the group of buildings in Overbrook.

"We plan to build a college which soon will add greatly to the prestige of Philadelphia as a centre of education. It is an urgent need. The normal growth is so rapid our college at Seventeenth and Stiles Streets has become entirely inadequate to care for the young men who desire further education after leaving high school.

"We have found in the past few weeks a most cordial feeling of good will among those who have heard of our plans, and we are assured that the public will co-operate with us in helping us to realize our ambition to provide the young men with opportunities for advanced learning."

The new St. Joseph's College will be located on a fourteen acre tract, and will consist of a group of buildings comprising a main building, science hall and faculty building, forming the principal group located on an eminence 280 feet above the city.

Collegiate Gothic is the style of the architecture chosen, particularly appropriate, according to Emile G. Perrot, the architect, as the expression of an institution of higher learning for which the Jesuit Fathers are so renowned.

Some Features of the College.—At the north end of the property, at a level much lower than the main group, an athletic field and a modern gymnasium will be constructed.

The main building will house the administration offices, recitation rooms and lecture halls, library, a large auditorium with balcony and a students' chapel.

The science hall will be thoroughly equipped for the teaching of the usual college chemistry, physics and botany, with thoroughly equipped laboratories and lecture rooms, as well as departments for civil, electrical and mechanical engineering.

The faculty building, forming the third unit of the principal group, will contain living accommodations for the professors, and parlors and a chapel for their use.

In the gymnasium building will be located a large swimming pool and the usual locker and shower rooms. The gymnasium proper will be one of the largest in the city, and will contain an indoor track, with provisions for basket-ball and other indoor sports.

In planning the buildings, arrangements have been made to give them a commanding view from the top of the hill, and they will be the most prominent landmark in that section of the city.

The principal feature of the main building will be a handsome memorial tower, rising to the height of 150 feet above the ground, and dominating the architectural design of the group. The length of the main building will be 220 feet, and it will consist of three stories and basement.

The exterior walls of the buildings will be of local stone, trimmed with Indiana limestone. The interior will be of fireproof construction. Wide and airy corridors will run the entire length of the main building, and at the main tower entrance a large lobby will be located, affording easy access to the auditorium, the seating capacity of which will be 1100. All the developments of modern science will be applied in the construction of the auditorium to insure the best acoustics.

The Gesù Bulletin says: "It was a very generous act on the part of his Eminence, our beloved Cardinal, to send out the strong appeal in behalf of St. Joseph's College, which was published in the *Catholic Standard and Times*, the diocesan organ, for September 9th, and was ordered to be read at all the Masses in all the churches of the archdiocese on the following day, and which we print on another page. Nothing could possibly have contributed so splendidly to the success of the campaign for funds which was to be launched by the college authorities, and which by this time is well under way. It has given them very great encouragement, and has made them hope, that although the goal at which they had ventured to aim, seemed to some almost presumptuously high, their expectations will now be more than realized.

The people of the archdiocese are proverbially generous in support of any worthy object for which their co-operation is solicited. Hitherto it has been sought chiefly in behalf of works of charity, such as readily commend themselves to the sympathy of all, but our people have hardly been appealed to in support of any scheme of education except in its more elementary form. Now, however, it is a project of Catholic higher education which has been set on foot, and they are asked to aid as liberally as possible in bringing about its full realization.

In a great city like Philadelphia, in which Catholicity is so strongly intrenched, it would be humiliating to think that we lacked institutions of our own, to which Catholics could confidently go, not only without any danger to the purity of their Faith, but at the same time with the assurance that the mental training there imparted was on a par with the very best in the country. It is the purpose of the projectors of the new St. Joseph's College to supply the Catholics of Philadelphia with an institution of the kind, which will be an ornament to the city in every way, and which will develop into a great centre of Catholic education, from which a new activity will radiate into every department of Catholic life.

It is for this reason that they have been deeply touched by the fatherly interest which his Eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop, has so clearly evidenced in the splendid letter he has addressed in behalf of St. Joseph's College to the clergy and laity of the diocese. May it be our privilege to record in a

future issue the handsome manner in which both have responded to his appeal and the magnificent success of the financial campaign, which we confidently trust will be the result."

The Novena to St. Ignatius.—The summer heat, which was somewhat tempered by occasional rains and refreshing breezes, did not prevent the yearly devotions in honor of St. Ignatins from being exceptionally well attended this present year. The church was well filled, and many were obliged to stand.

The devotion to the illustrious founder of the Society of Jesus has been deeply implanted in the hearts of our people from the very inception of the parish. It is one which the venerable and much lamented Father Villiger did all he could to foster, and if the use of St. Ignatius Water is so familiar a practice among us, it is owing in a great measure to the persistency with which he recommended it both in private conversation and from the pulpit.

We naturally look to the numbers approaching the sacraments as the surest test of the effect produced, and gauging the result by that standard, we may well claim that the novena was quite successful. The total number of Communions was seven thousand, of which 900 were on Monday and more than 1800 the day before.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. *Manila Notes.* — The Bishop of Lipa invited Father Byrne, the Rector of the Ateneo, to deliver a speech on the 3rd centenary of Magellan's discovery of the Islands. It pleased the people so much that the next day he was called to deliver another address at a banquet. He also addressed the nurses on their graduation day at the Marble Hall (City Hall) Manila. Father Prendergast had just given them a retreat.

Father Morning gave the retreat to Ours in Baguio, our summer house. Father McNulty is improving his knowledge of Ilocano language and is helping secular priests in their work. Father Coffey accompanied the Pastor of Vigan in a propaganda tour to get more boarding students for our college of Vigan—Extracts from Mindanao Notes, Society of Jesus.

ROME. *St. Ignatius Declared Patron of Retreats..*—By an Apostolic Constitution which appeared in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, July 20, 1922, Pope Pius XI declared St. Ignatius Loyola the Heavenly Patron of the Spiritual Exercises. The Holy Father bestows the greatest praise upon the system and special method of going through spiritual retreats first begun by Ignatius. He points out historical examples where the Spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius were powerful in forming souls dear to God. "We deem it proved that the Spiritual Exercises, made according to the plan of St. Ignatius, are amply strong enough to break through the most stubborn problems under which human society is now groaning; and

we have studied the rich crop of virtues that ripen today no less than of old in spiritual retreats, and not only among members of religious congregations and the secular clergy, but among the laity; and, what in our age is worthy of special and separate remark, among the working classes themselves. Therefore we earnestly wish that the making of these Spiritual Exercises should daily spread wider and wider abroad; and those houses of devotion, into which men withdraw for a whole month, or for eight days, or for fewer, there to put themselves in training for the perfect Christian life, may come into being everywhere more and more numerously, and may flourish."

The Pope and the Apostleship.—Pope Pius XI received the Director-General of the Apostleship of Prayer in private audience on May 21st, just before the great Eucharistic Congress. Father Calot, S.J., after he had kissed the feet of the Pope, which the Holy Father permitted with reluctance, expressed his thanks for the kindness with which His Holiness had approved and blessed the list of general intentions proposed for next year. "You have noticed that I have changed one of them," the Pope replied, "for January you proposed 'that God may grant us Saints,' and I have written 'That God may grant us saintly priests,' for if we obtain that I think the rest will follow," During the audience the Holy Father accorded a very special blessing to the Apostleship's *Children's Crusade* and to all who aid in its development.

The Pope's Intentions.—At the foot of the list of Monthly Intentions above referred to, Pius XI had written these words with his own hand : "We ardently desire that all the associates of the Apostleship of Prayer should take to heart and commend to the Divine Goodness the intentions set forth above; we bless them each time they do so. We bless also all those who in any measure and in any manner help to develop and perfect the work of the Apostleship of Prayer."

Notes.—The Society now numbers 17,972 members, 1,885 of whom are working on the foreign missions. The highest number ever reached by the Society, as far as we know, was in the year 1764, when there were 22,559 members.

The Holy Father has promised to write an encyclical on the Spiritual Exercises within the present year.

In the audience which Reverend Father General had with His Holiness on May 7, the Holy Father granted the Society the signal favor of having our scholastics ordained at the end of the third year of theology. In communicating this grant to the Society, Reverend Father General says that the Holy Father regarded the favor not as a dispensation from law, but rather as a plain declaration of the same, in as much as our scholastics by reason of the long training received in the Society fully satisfy the requirements of the common law—*si mentem legislatoris attendas.*

Reverend Father General expresses the wish that those whose ordination is advanced as a result of this concession offer up one of their first Masses for the intention of the Holy Father.

The Number of Ours in Mission Fields, 1921.—The Society of Jesus at the beginning of 1921 had 1,843 members in the mission fields. This was an increase of 136 men since January, 1920. India has 704 Jesuit missionaries; China, 418; Africa, 159; Madagascar, 118; Malesia, 79; Mindinao, 65; Ceylon, 52; Egypt, 52; Armenia, 28; Caroline and Mariana Islands, 25; Jamaica, 21; Japan, 7; Albania, 6; while the various Indian Missions from Alaska to British Guiana engage 167 Jesuit missionaries.

SERBIA. *The Government Seizes Jesuit Fund* — The Jesuits at Sarajevo had planned to build a new church near the spot on which the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated. To this end they had collected something like 150,000 Austrian kronen of the pre-war value. The other day the Serbian Government compelled the Jesuits to turn the money over to the government.—*Exchange.*

SOUTH AFRICA. *Edifying Death of Father Czarlinski, S. J.*, Father Czarlinski, S. J., a superior of the mission in Rhodesia, died in a native kraal in Rhodesia, about eight days' journey from Kasisi. A Jesuit Father writes: "His was a real missionary's death: without house and bed, without doctor or nurse, without a priest, deprived of the last powerful consolation of holy religion; far from those who loved him truly, without a coffin, buried in a miserable 'kangara' woven from reeds of the river, like the least of the natives. So he died, and so he was buried, the son of a good, rich and noble Catholic family!"

SPAIN. *San Sabastián Celebration of Tercentenary of St. Ignatius—Oña, Spain, Sept. 2, 1922*—This year was one of special solemnity, in San Sabastián, for all Guipuzcoa is proud of St. Inigo, its native son; and July 31 is declared a state holiday. The banks and stores close and all labor is suspended, fittingly to honor the event. Not only did they celebrate the tercentenary of the canonization, but they tendered a splendid reception to the relic of St. Ignatius' *skull* which was being brought by Father Arregui from Rome and the Soverign Pontiff to its native Loyola, in the heart of the Pyrenees.

But first let me tell you something of San Sabastián, that you may the better grasp our "composition of place."

After crossing the Spanish border, San Sebastián is the first important town you meet on the route from Paris to Madrid. It is the western pass into the peninsula; the Pyrenees, that great northern barrier, crowding right down to the water's edge and forming a delightful contrast of rugged mountain cliff and secluded harbor.

Years ago, San Sebastián was a mere fishing village of a few thousand Basque peasants speaking a language that was old before Rome knew her glory; today, thanks to the palace built by Maria Cristina and the presence of the royal court in summer, San Sebastián is a beautiful modern bathing resort, the summer capital of Spain, numbering some 5000 souls. Walking along its streets you see the quaint old fisher folk mingling with the sturdy farmers from the mountain sides, while at the height of the summer season great numbers of French and English visitors rub shoulders with court grandees from Madrid.

But the influx of strangers has not destroyed the simple faith of the natives, nor taken away any of the loyal devotion to their patron saint. And so when the relic of St. Ignatius was exposed in our church for three days before the feast, crowds of devout clients filled the edifice from early morn till the waters of the lovely Concha mirrored the rays of the setting sun. As many as 4,000 Communions were distributed in one morning, while the evening service, conducted solely for men, found the church crowded to its very doors with doctors and lawyers, business men and laborers.

No wonder then that on the morning of Sunday July 30, the old parochial church of Santa Maria presented such an inspiring sight. There the Bishop of Victoria, with all his assisting clergy, celebrated a Solemn Pontifical Mass. There in the seats of honor, the full state senate attended with silk hats and white gloves, led thither in solemn procession by those quaint *maceros*—ancients in red shoes and blue stockings, wearing brown velvet capes and wigs, with plumed bonnets, carrying their huge maces, as though just emerging from the golden ages when Spain in her glory was mistress of the world. There were generals too, from Madrid, and the Admiral and Commandant of the Port, in their heavy gold brocade. The mayors of all the towns of the province were there, and Monks of the different orders in their distinctive religious garb—Franciscans and Carmelites, sandalled Capuchins and white-robed sons of Saint Dominic. And back of these, row on row, fervent men "*Caballeros de San Ignacio*" the Knights of Saint Ignatius, members of a fraternity devoted to promoting the honor of our holy founder.

The exquisite music, the pomp and ceremonial, the glowing sermon by Spain's foremost orator, Father Alfonso Torres, S.J., these made the services seem a matter of minutes.

And then the stately procession with the relic right across the whole breadth of San Sebastián. Led by the picturesque Guardia Civil on horseback, accompanied by three bands and thousands of the faithful, a company of Spanish soldiers, and a life-size statue of St. Ignatius with real vestments and flowing robes—as though he had just stepped out from Rubens' celebrated painting—followed by the clergy, secu-

lar and regular, the Rt. Reverend Bishop carried on high the sacred relic, blessing the kneeling throng as he passed through the fashionable streets of the city. Stalwart and impressive were the company of Basque police or *miqueletes* as they are called, brought up the rear. These men, all over six feet tall, black-mustached, with their red tam-o-shanters, long blue coats and red pantaloons, carried bayoneted carbines and presented an aspect not soon to be forgotten.

The Queen Mother, Maria Cristina, reviewed the procession from one of the decorated balconies of the state capitol.

From another balcony the Bishop addressed the multitude below: "Would that I had the chest of a giant, that my voice might carry to the very crests of our mountains and express the deep emotions of joy and pride that fill my soul. To honor Guipuzcoa's Saint all the bells of our churches ring, all our parishes send their pastors and the mayors of their villages. The representatives of our nation are here, and you Lady, Queen Mother, have honored us by your presence today.

This grand manifestation of love and devotion to our patron saint is an event fitting to be commemorated in bronze, that the people of future ages may know what we think of that saint, who, wounded in defence of his country, recovered only to engage in a greater and more noble warfare, writing his marvelous plan of campaign in that justly celebrated book, 'The Spiritual Exercises.' The fame of his glorious deeds for God is not confined to the limits of this province nor of this country, but has gone forth throughout the whole known world. Let us, however, by our devotion and by our lives show that Guipuzcoa was worthy to be the cradle of such a saint, and Spain worthy to be his mother. All now on your knees receive a blessing with this relic, and may the saint whom we venerate today grant to all of us the benefit of his powerful intercession with God."

The Queen Mother was one of the first in that vast throng to fall on her knees for the blessing, and the fervor of the people found expression in a hearty rendition in Basque of their favorite hymn to St. Ignatius.

At three in the afternoon, about twenty autos left our residence for Loyola, a journey of some forty miles up into the mountains. All along the route we were greeted with ringing bells and fireworks. Flowers and greens strewed the way through the villages. The village orchestra would be on hand, and the town crier would call for the cheers in honor of Saint Ignatius. "Viva for Saint Ignatius!" the lusty response, as mid waving flags and stirring music, we would hasten on to the next little town.

In the more mountainous country districts, parish priest and little flock would come down from their mountain pueblos to wait for hours at the cross-roads and kneel for a blessing as the flower-decked car of the bishop passed by.

At Loyola, the Cardinal of Burgos and the Bishop of

Madrid, together with the Fathers, juniors and little novices of the Santa Casa came out to meet us.

Within, the basilica was a blaze of light, and to the hymns of the populace, the relic was placed in its position of honor. Then an all night vigil began. At 9, carrying lighted candles, out of the darkness of night, came some 1500 men, representatives from all the towns and villages of the Basque Provinces, some even from Madrid and Burgos and from Valladolid.

At three in the morning the Bishop of Madrid celebrated Mass and distributed Holy Communion to the watchers and many of the townspeople. And so the feast itself was ushered in.

During the day, at San Sebastiàn and in all the surrounding villages, dancing and band concerts and bull fighting marked the festivities.

Finally at 10.30 P. M. the celebration was closed in San Sebastiàn with a magnificent municipal display of fireworks over the quiet waters of the bay.

An odd way to celebrate the feast of a saint, your say, perhaps. It is hard to reply off hand. The only complete answer is actually to see for yourself the manifest faith of these sturdy, clean-living, business-like Basques. They are Catholics to the core, and the effervescent manifestations betoken something deeper and steadier and more full-souled.

One who has seen cannot doubt that St. Ignatius, looking down from his starry height, must feel proud of his fellow countrymen, as they undoubtedly are proud and affectionately attached to our great and holy founder, the noble scion of the house of Guipuzcoan Loyola.

THOMAS J. MURRAY, S. J.

WESTON. *Golden Jubilee of Father J. Havens Richards.*—The new scholasticate at Weston ended the first seven months of its existence, as an established house of the Society, with the celebration of a golden jubilee, when, on August 7, 1922, the spiritual Father of the community, Father J. Havens Richards, S. J., completed his fiftieth year in the Society. In accordance with Father Richard's wishes the celebration of the jubilee was made a quiet, family affair. Father Richards began the day by celebrating Mass for the community in our new chapel—this being the first time the community Mass was offered there. During the day the Reverend Jubilarian received the personal congratulations of his spiritual children in his room, while at noon time our rather humble refectory in the lower part of the house was transformed for the occasion by tasteful decorations. Among the guests at dinner were Rev. Father Vice-Provincial, P. F. O'Gorman, Father William Devlin, President of Boston College, and Father James Carlin, President of Holy Cross College. A varied program of vocal selections and addresses by several of the philosophers was presented. In answer to

the congratulations offered by the community, and by Rev. Father Vice-Provincial, in the name of the province, Father Richards spoke very feelingly of the great charity, which, he said, he had experienced throughout his fifty years in the Society.

Father Richards was born in 1852, and was the son of Henry Livingston Richards, a noted convert from Protestantism in the middle of the last century. He has filled many positions of an administrative nature in the Society during the past fifty years, among them, the presidency of Georgetown College. With the opening of our new house of philosophy for the vice-province of New England in January of this year, he was appointed Spiritual Father of the community.

WORCESTER. *Holy Cross College—Commencement, 1922.* —The exercises of commencement week began on Sunday evening, June 11, when Rev. Denis F. Murphy, '97, of St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, Mass., delivered the Baccalaureate sermon in the students' chapel. On Tuesday, June 20, at eleven o'clock, the corner-stone of the new dormitory building, Loyola Hall, was blessed by Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D., Bishop of Springfield. Despite unfavorable weather, a large number of clergy and laity were present. At the exercises, held subsequently on Commencement Terrace, the orator of the occasion was Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford, a graduate of Holy Cross in the class of 1897. United States Senator David I. Walsh, of the class of '93, was to have delivered the principal address, but was unavoidably detained in Washington by his duties as a member of the Tariff Committee. Bishop Murray reviewed the history of the Society, particularly in the field of higher education, and he paid a glowing tribute to the sons of Loyola. Luncheon was served in the students' refectories. At three o'clock the 'Varsity baseball team closed a successful season with a victory over the team representing the University of Vermont.

Alumni Banquet.—Immediately after the baseball game the Alumni marched to O'Kane Building for registration, assignment of rooms, etc. Class reunions were held by the 25-years-out class, 1897, the 15-year class, 1907, the 10-year class, 1912, and the 5-year class, 1917. The silver jubilee class was in charge of the reunions, and they served a buffet lunch in their headquarters. Owing to inclement weather, the Alumni banquet was held indoors, the procession formed according to classes, moving at 6.30 P. M. to the students' refectories. Almost 500 Alumni were present when the toastmaster, attorney Charles P. Ryan, 1897, of Fall River, Mass., arose for the post-prandial exercises. The speakers were: For the class of 1897, Hon. Ambrose Kennedy, United States Congressman from Third District, Rhode Island; for the class of 1907, attorney William E. Leahy, of Washington, D. C., former Assistant United States District Attorney for the

District of Columbia; for the class of 1912, Rev. James H. Carr, of St. Patrick's Church, Fall River, Mass.; for the class of 1917, George F. Roesch, of Monroe, N. Y. Other speakers were Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, D.D., 1897; Rev. Jos. N. Dinand, S. J., Socius to the Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, and former President of Holy Cross College; Rev. William H. Rogers, 1868, pastor emeritus of St. Patrick's Church, Hartford, Conn., one of the oldest living graduates (Father Rogers was called to his eternal reward less than two months later), and Rev. James J. Carlin, S. J., President of the College. The speeches were unusually brilliant and sparkling, and the banquet was generally proclaimed the best in many years.

Commencement.—At 9 A. M., on Wednesday, June 21, Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, D.D., '97, was celebrant at the Mass for deceased Alumni. At 10.30 the commencement procession moved to Fenwick Hall, rain preventing, for the first time since 1905, holding the exercises on Commencement Terrace. Fenwick Hall, with its very limited capacity, could not hold the crowd, and the relatives and friends of many of the graduates were unable to gain admission. Following time honored custom, the degrees were conferred by the Governor of the Commonwealth, His Excellency, Channing H. Cox, who was also the principal speaker. 116 graduates received the Bachelor of Arts degree and four received the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Arts, *causa honoris*, was conferred upon six graduates and former students. Distinguished guests, other than the Governor and his staff, included Rt. Rev. Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D., Bishop of Springfield; Rt. Rev. John G. Murray, D.D., '97, Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford; Hon. Peter F. Sullivan, Mayor of Worcester; Rev. Thomas E. Murphy, S. J., former President of Holy Cross College. All of these were present also at dinner in the community refectory.

Building Fund.—The campaign pledges are being redeemed slowly but surely, and up to the present about $525,000 have been paid in cash. The hard times have prevented a few from redeeming pledges, when due, but all have signified their intention to pay later. On account of this same lack of prosperity, the campaign officials, who did not make a complete canvass of their districts, are still waiting for better times, when they intend to reach the quotas assigned them. Unless this is done, the building plans proposed at the time of the drive cannot be realized.

Loyola Hall.—The new dormitory building, Loyola Hall, which was begun last September, according to contract, was ready for occupancy in September of this year. It will cost, when completed and furnished, about $400,000. It will provide accommodations for one hundred and eighty boarders, eleven large class rooms, and a sub-basement, with baths, lockers, canteen and baseball cage.

Laymen's Retreats.—The ninth annual retreat for laymen was conducted at the college from 6 P. M. Friday, August 25, to 8 A. M., Monday, August 28. One hundred and thirty-five men made the spiritual exercises under the direction of Rev. William J. Stanton, S. J. Two of the retreatants have not missed a retreat since the movement was inaugurated, in 1914, by Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., then President of Holy Cross College. Six have made eight retreats in nine years, and ten have made seven retreats in that time. The popularity of the retreat is thus shown by the number who return year after year.

Retreats for Clergy.—The usual retreats for clergy were held at the college during the summer for the priests of the Springfield, Fall River and Providence dioceses. The directors were Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S. J., Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., and Rev. William J. Coyle, S. J.

Province Jubilarians of 1923.—The members of the Maryland-New York Province who will celebrate their golden jubilee next year are: Father George E. Quin, September 3; Father Raphael V. O'Connell, September 25, and Father Joseph J. Himmel, November 24.

HOME NEWS. *Ordinations.*—Ordinations were held at Woodstock for the first time in four years on November 10, 11, and 13. Archbishop Michael J. Curley, D.D., of Baltimore, conferred subdiaconate, diaconate and the priesthood on the following, all of the Maryland-New York Province: James G. Daly, Atlee F. X. Devereux, Joseph G. Glose, Joseph J. McGowan and Maurice A. Mudd. Andrew A. Hofmann was ordained subdeacon and deacon on November 10 and 11.

Academy Given to Newly Ordained.—On the evening of St. Stanislaus' Feast the newly ordained were guests at an Academy given by the theologians and philosophers. The program follows: *Hungarian Dance No. 6* (Brahms), Orchestra. *Priests of God* (Apoc. 20, 6), Father Bernhardt. *Up and Away* (Geibel), Glee Club. *God's Gift* (I Cor. 7, 7), Mr. Ballou. *Abendstern* (Wagner), French Horn Solo, Orchestral Accompaniment, Mr. Krim. *Soldiers to God* (2 Ti. 2, 4), Mr. J. V. O'Neill. *My King* (Lynes), Vocal Solo, Mr. J. J. Smith. *Minister of the Holies* (Heb. 8, 2), Mr. Meszlis. *Marche Militaire No. 2* (Schubert), Orchestra. *Soyez Joyeux* (Lands), Glee Club. *Priests' March*, from "Athalia," (Mendelssohn), Orchestra.

St. Catherine's Day Academy.—The program of the academy given by the philosophers was as follows: Part I —*Hungarian Dance No. 2* (Brahms), Orchestra. *Veritatis Bellatrix* (Carmen), W. L. Johnson. *Molière, Philosophic Comedian*, E. A. Bunn. *The Sword of Truth* (Verse), M. J. Fitzsimmons. *Soldiers' Chorus* (Gounod), Glee. Part II—From *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, act 2, scene 6; M. Jourdain,

G. J. Shiple; M. de Philosophie, H. V. Stockman. *Shoogy Shoo* (Ambrose-Thayer), Glee. From *Le Malade Imaginaire*, act 3, scene 2-8; 11-20; Argan, hypochondriac, G. E. Walsh; Mascarille, his servant, W. C. Curtin; Oronte, a deceitful brother, W. L. Johnson; Beralde, a sincere brother, E. A. Bunn; M. Purgon, his physician, V. deP. O'Beirne. *March of the Bersaglieri* (Eilenberg), Orchestra.

Woodstock Faculty for 1922-1923.—Father Peter Lutz, Rector; Father Francis L. Reilly, Minister; Father Edward C. Phillips, Prefect of Studies; Father Michael J. O'Shea, Procurator and Pastor of St. Alphonsus' Church; James J. O'Connor, Assistant Pastor; Timothy J. Barrett, Spiritual Father. In the department of theology: Father William J. Duane, Dogma (morning); Father Henry T. Casten, Dogma (evening): Father James F. Dawson, Dogma (minor course); Father John J. Lunny, Moral, Sacred Oratory; Father John T. Langan, Fundamental Theology (morning); Father Joseph W. Parsons, Fundamental Theology (evening); Father Vincent A. McCormick, Fundamental Theology (evening); Father William H. McClellan, Sacred Scripture, Hebrew; Father Hector Papi, Canon Law, Rites; Father Joseph M. Woods, Ecclesiastical History, Patrology, Sacred Archæology, Editor *Woodstock Letters* and *Teachers' Review*. In the department of philosophy: Father William J. Brosnan, Special Metaphysics in Third Year; Father Charles V, Lamb, Ethics; Father Daniel J. Callahan, Special Metaphysics in Second Year, Father James A. Cahill, Special Metaphysics in Second Year, Pedagogy, Assistant Editor of *Teachers' Review*; Father Francis E. Keenan, Logic and General Metaphysics. In the department of science: Father John A. Brosnan, Chemistry, Geology, Biology, Experimental Psychology; Father Henry Brock, Physics; Father Edward C. Phillips, Mathematics, Astronomy.

The Community.—This year the community numbers 263. Of these five are from the Province of New Orleans, two from the Province of California, one from the Province of England, one from the Province of Canada, one from the Province of Missouri, one from the Province of Austria, and seven from the Province of Aragon.

Ministeria Spiritualia of the Province of California, from July 1, 1921, to July 1, 1922: Baptisms—Infants, 2,533; adults, 433. Confessions, 599,172. Communions, 2,860,557. Marriages—Blessed, 846; revalidated, 156. Last Sacraments, 1,885. Prepared for First Communion, 3,166. Prepared for Confirmation, 1,697, Sermons and exhortations, 11,678. Catecheses, 12,173. Spiritual exercises—public, 160; private, 47. Visits to sick, 28.420. Visits to jails, 681. Visits to hospitals, 7,021. Sodality members, 6,270. Members of League of Sacred Heart, 22,528.

LIST OF OUR DEAD IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA

From October 1, 1921, to October 1, 1922

	Age	Soc.	Time	Place
Fr. Gustave Ruebsaat	76	60	Oct. 8, 1921	St. Louis, Mo.
Fr. Hermas Lalande	51	34	Oct. 10, "	Montreal, Can.
Fr. Aloysius J. Schuler	55	25	Oct. 12, "	Oshkosh, Wis.
Fr. John J. Greene	62	44	Oct. 29, "	Philadelphia, Pa.
Fr. Francis Barnum	73	42	Nov. 3, "	Georgetown, D. C.
Br. William A. Murphy	67	26	Nov. 19, "	Cincinnati, O.
Fr. Daniel Donovan	65	44	Nov. 25, "	Port Arthur, Can.
Fr. Thomas Slevin	64	45	Dec. 3, "	New Orleans, La.
Br. Paul Castano	70	35	Dec. 4, "	Denver, Col.
Fr. Oliver Neault	71	50	Dec. 4, "	Montreal, Can.
Fr. Walter Drum	52	32	Dec. 10, "	Baltimore, Md.
Fr. Nicholas Davis	72	52	Dec. 17, "	New Orleans, La.
Fr. Albert Peters	87	71	Jan. 5, 1922	Worcester, Mass.
Br. Damasus Lezama	55	36	Jan. 14, "	Grand Coteau, La.
Fr. Moses Malone	47	24	Jan. 14, "	Los Angeles, Calif.
Fr. John B. Kokenge	74	47	Jan. 16, "	Florissant, Mo.
Fr. William Meriwether	88	36	Feb. 6, "	Atlanta, Ga.
Fr. John B. Shryver	73	50	Feb. 21, "	Omaha, Neb.
Fr. Edward Barry	69	41	Feb. 23, "	Pueblo, Col.
Fr. Henry Wolters	70	48	Feb. 26, "	St. Louis, Mo.
Br. James Walsh	76	48	Mar. 1, "	San José, Calif.
Fr. Tussanus Lussier	77	52	Mar. 10, "	Sault-au-Recollet.
Br. John Brazel	49	31	Mar. 20, "	San José, Calif.
Mr. Henry V. O'Neil	30	9	Mar. 24, "	Jersey City, N. J.
Fr. Aloysius Jacquet	69	51	Mar. 27, "	Montreal, Can.
Fr. Albert F. Trivelli	59	42	Apr. 8, "	Los Gatos, Calif.
Br. John B. Volkwein	65	42	Apr. 14, "	Cleveland, O.
Fr. Thomas J. Gartland	46	25	Apr. 27, "	Jersey City, N. J.
Fr. Theodore Van Rossum	76	59	Apr. 29, "	Cleveland, O.
Fr. Valentine M. Hormes	48	29	Apr. 29, "	Mankato, Minn.
Fr. Dominic Pantanella	91	71	May 24, "	Denver, Col.
Fr. Charles O'Brien	43	22	June 15, "	Akularak, Alaska.
Fr. John C. Hart	66	47	June 22, "	Fordham, N. Y.
Fr. Patrick A. MacQuillan	65	46	June 23, "	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fr. Joseph Damiani	80	63	June 24, "	Port Townsend, Wash.
Br. James McNulty	77	43	June 29, "	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fr. Edward Steffen	81	60	July 21, "	Florissant, Mo.
Fr. Joseph Winkelried	78	57	July 27, "	Shreveport, La.
Fr. Edward V. Monoghan	43	20	July 30, "	Chicago, Ill.
Br. Quinlan O'Sullivan	69	19	Aug. 1, "	Spokane, Wash.
Fr. Terence J. Shealy	60	37	Sept. 5, "	New York, N. Y.
Fr. John J. Masterson	71	49	Sept. 24, "	Detroit, Mich.
Fr. Joseph Gras	49	31	Sept. 26, "	Montreal, Can.
Fr. Timothy F. Scanlan	41	22	Sept. 27, "	Worcester, Mass.

Requiescant in Pace

Students in our Colleges in the United States and Canada, October 10, 1922

College, High School and Preparatory Courses

	No. of Students	D. Schol.	Boarders	College Course	High School	Preparat.	Commer. & Scient.	Augment. D. Schol.	Augment. Board.	Total Augment.	Augment. Province
Maryland-N. Y.	*11734*	*10364*	*1370*	*4074*	*7234*	*235*	*126*	*649*	*151*	*800*	*800*
Baltimore	[1]438	438	.....	67	335	.....	.....	108	.....	108	.....
Boston	[2]2511	2511	.....	894	1613	.....	.....	85	.....	85	.....
Brooklyn	686	686	.....	.....	686	.....	.....	71	.....	71	.....
Buffalo	1618	1618	.....	[3]887	731	.....	.....	-224	.....	-224	.....
Jamaica	224	224	.....	.....	165	59	.....	10	.....	10	.....
Jersey City	674	674	.....	.....	674	.....	.....	119	.....	119	.....
N. Y.-Fordham	1521	1291	230	725	670	.....	126	-240	67	-173	.....
St. Fran. Xav.	856	856	.....	.....	731	125	.....	58	.....	58	.....
Loyola	85	85	.....	.....	34	51	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Regis H. S.	683	683	.....	.....	683	.....	.....	28	.....	28	.....
Philadelphia	701	701	.....	111	590	.....	.....	112	.....	112	.....
Wash.-Georgetown	[4]625	171	454	508	92	.....	.....	10	4	14	.....
Gonzaga	230	230	.....	.....	230	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Worcester	882	196	686	882	.....	.....	.....	48	80	128	.....
Missouri	*7789*	*6906*	*835*	*1998*	*5751*	*40*	.....	*101*	*11*	*112*	*112*
Chicago	1276	1276	.....	184	1092	.....	.....	101	.....	**100**	.....
Cincinnati	868	868	.....	131	737	.....	.....	-102	.....	-102	.....
Cleveland	680	680	.....	225	455	.....	.....	54	.....	54	.....
Denver	292	292	.....	72	220	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Detroit	570	570	.....	130	440	.....	.....	24	.....	24	.....
Kansas City	295	295	.....	42	253	.....	.....	-23	.....	-23	.....
Milwaukee	706	706	.....	223	483	.....	.....	-87	.....	-87	.....
Omaha	902	902	75	472	430	.....	.....	167	75	242	.....
Prairie du Chien	405	31	374	115	290	.....	.....	.....	.....	-33	.....
St. Louis	948	948	.....	238	710	.....	.....	-33	.....	-63	.....
St. Mary's	442	56	386	118	324	.....	.....	1	-64	.....	.....
Toledo	282	282	.....	48	234	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Belize	123	.....	.....	.....	83	40	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
New Orleans	*921*	*701*	*220*	*165*	*635*	*91*	*30*	*-90*	*-117*	*-207*	*-207*
Galveston	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	-94	.....	-94	.....
Grand Coteau	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	-14	-112	-126	.....
N.Orl.-Im. Conc.	386	386	.....	.....	356	30	.....	-19	.....	-19	.....
Loyola	95	95	.....	55	.....	.....	30	23	.....	23	.....
Shreveport	110	110	.....	.....	65	35	.....	9	.....	9	.....
Spring Hill	250	30	220	100	150	.....	.....	10	-15	-5	.....
Tampa	80	80	.....	.....	54	26	.....	-5	.....	-5	.....
California	*2546*	*2145*	*401*	*405*	*1794*	*337*	.....	*28*	*15*	*43*	*43*
Los Angeles	[5]423	423	.....	51	362	.....	.....	-27	.....	-27	.....
Missoula	60	60	.....	.....	60	.....	.....	-10	.....	-10	.....
San Francisco	535	535	.....	55	480	.....	.....	170	.....	170	.....
Santa Clara	294	88	206	116	178	.....	.....	-53	.....	-53	.....
Seattle	235	325	.....	[6]17	218	.....	.....	43	.....	43	.....
Spokane	520	325	195	166	354	.....	.....	-19	15	-4	.....
Tacoma	279	279	.....	.....	82	197	.....	-96	.....	-96	.....
Yakima	200	200	.....	.....	60	140	.....	20	.....	20	.....
Canada	*1819*	*898*	*931*	*263*	*1066*	*311*	*40*	*64*	*-58*	*6*	*6*
Edmonton	150	39	111	32	49	48	21	23	-9	14	.....
Montre'l St.Mary's	[7]652	422	230	79	390	70	.....	84	-29	55	.....
Loyola	372	207	165	80	270	22	.....	-7	-2	-9	.....
Regina	80	17	63	.....	80	.....	.....	7	.....	7	.....
Spanish	107	1	106	.....	35	72	.....	.....	1	1	.....
St. Boniface	[8]323	192	141	46	173	59	19	-38	-19	-57	.....
Sudbury	135	20	115	26	69	40	.....	-5	.....	-5	.....
Total in Colleges	*24809*	*21014*	*3757*	*6905*	*16480*	*1014*	*196*	*842*	*177*	*961*	*961*

1—Post graduates, 36. 2—Post graduates. 4. 3—Post graduates, 41; extension courses, 225; summer school, 310; A. B., 311. 4—Post graduates, 25. 5—Post graduates, 10. 6—Freshmen, 17. 7—Post graduates, 113. 8—Post graduates, 26; sociology, 30.

Students in Our Colleges

(*Continued*)

UNIVERSITY COURSES

	Law	*Medicine*	*Dentistry*	*Pharmacy*	*Engineering*	*Sociology*	*Finance—Economics*	*Journalism*	*Foreign Service*	*Extension Courses*	*Courses not listed*	*Total*
Maryland-N. Y.	*2453*	*204*	*146*	*480*	.....	*50*	.....	.....	*452*	*200*	.....	*3985*
Fordham	1201	.....	.....	480	.....	50	.....	.....	.....	200	.....	1931
Georgetown	1252	204	146	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	452	.....	.....	2054
Missouri	*1457*	*1019*	*1112*	*107*	*579*	*1787*	*2381*	*162*	*15*	*561*	*760*	*9940*
Chicago	132	239	.....	.....	.....	1773	.....	.....	.....	.....	(1)26	1770
Cincinnati	87	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	330	.....	.....	231	.....	648
Detroit	235	.....	.....	.....	266	14	571	.....	15	.....	(2)26	1127
Milwaukee	373	205	597	.....	313	.....	702	162	.....	158	(3)634	3144
Omaha	183	157	213	107	.....	.....	68	.....	.....	.....	.....	728
St. Louis	412	418	302	.....	.....	.....	710	.....	.....	172	(4)74	2088
Toledo	35	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	35
New Orleans	*202*	.....	*53*	*75*	.....	*18*	*85*	.....	.....	*140*	*12*	*565*
New Orleans	202	.....	53	75	.....	18	65	.....	.....	140	(5)12	565
California	*341*	.....	.....	.....	*64*	.....	*35*	.....	.....	.....	.....	*440*
Los Angeles	55	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	55
San Francisco	180	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	180
Santa Clara	51	.....	.....	.....	64	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	115
Spokane	55	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	35	.....	...	.....	.....	90
Total	*4453*	*1223*	*1311*	*662*	*643*	*1453*	*2481*	*162*	*467*	*901*	*746*	*14502*

(1) Extension. (2) Art. (3) Music, 586; nursing, 48. (4) Nursing. (5) Education.

SUMMARY

College Total, 1921—25,477. University Total, 1921—12,723.
Grand Total, 1921—38,200.

College Total, 1922—24,809. University Total—1922, 14,930.
Grand Total, 1922—39,739.

Statistics of Our Novitiates and Scholasticates in United States and Canada, October 1, 1922.

NOVITIATES—	Novices: Scholastics yr. 1st	Novices: Scholastics yr. 2d	Novices: Brothers yr. 1st	Novices: Brothers yr. 2d	Juniors yr. 1st	Juniors yr. 2d	Tertians	Total
Maryland-N. Y.								
Poughkeepsie.....	46	32	12	4	28	43	30[1]	195
Yonkers, N. Y.....	24	18	....	1	...	....	....	43
Missouri								
Florissant, Mo.....	47	31	4	9	29	31	....	151
Cleveland, Ohio.....	....	....	....	....	....	....	21[2]	21
California								
Los Gatos, Calif.....	14	13	6	3	17	15	1[3]	69
New Orleans								
Grand Coteau.....	11	10	...	....	3	5	....	[4]29
Canada								
Sault-au-Recollet, Q	17	18	3	6	12	6	....	62
Guelph, Ont.....	9	10	....	4	8	5	....	36
Total.....	168	132	25	27	97	105	52	606

(1) Canada, 5; Hungary, 1; New Orleans, 6.
(2) California, 4; Maryland-New York, 1; New Orleans, 1.
(3) Maryland-New-York. (4) Missouri, 1.

SCHOLASTICATES—

	Theologians: Major Course	Theologians: Minor Course	Philosophers yr. 1st	Philosophers yr. 2d	Philosophers yr. 3d	Philosophers Rec.	Adv. Sc.	
Maryland-N. Y.								
Woodstock, Md.....	101	24	21	23	49	....	....	[1]218
Weston, Mass.....	...	....	42	40	....	....	...	82
Missouri								
St. Louis, Mo.....	89	46	18	24	27	....	1	[2]205
California								
Hillyard, Wash.....	....	....	29	25	42	...	....	[3]96
Canada								
Montreal, Que.....	45	32	17	23	33	....	...	[4]150
Total.....	235	102	127	135	151	....	1	751

(1) California, 1; Aragon, 7; Austria, 1; New Orleans, 5; England, 1 Canada, 1; Missouri, 1.
(2) Aragon, 1; Castile, 2; California, 18; Maryland-New York, 1; New Orleans, 11; Portugal, 1; Resurrectionists, 10.
(3) Missouri, 25; New Orleans, 25; England, 1.
(4) California, 4; New Orleans, 6; Maryland-New York, 5; Blessed Sacrament, 30; Seculars, 7.

Ministeria Spiritualia Prov. Maryland.—Neo Eboracensis, a die 1ª Julii 1921 ad diem 1ᵃᵐ Julii 1922

DOMICILIA	Baptizati	Conversi	Confess.	Commun.	Matrim. benedic.	Matrim. revalid.	Extrem. Unction.	Catecheses	Parati ad 1ᵐ Com.	Parati ad Confirm.	Exhortationes	Conciones	Exerc. Spir. Sacerd.	Exerc. Spir. Relig.	Exerc. Spir. Laicis.	Exerc. Spir. priv.	Mission. (quot hebd.)	Novenae	Triduo	Visit. Nosoc.	Visit. Carcer.	Visit. Infirm.	Sodalitates	Sodales	Fœdus SS. Cordis	Pueri in schol. paroch.	Puell. in schol. paroch.	Schol. Domin.
BALTIMORE, College and Church	100	10	76061	88395	52	4	114	320	30		389	93		6		3	6	6	3	350	4	300	8	2345	1170			145
BOSTON, COLLEGE	2		34507	30000	1		2	315			317	92	2	16	5				2	12			4	1050	780			
" High School and Church	324	55	129266	190336	1		1593	209	104	44	664	165		15	16		1	5	6	2187		362	13	2032	17700			360
" St. Mary's	57	19	103644	86000	15	9	118	50	186	730	565	70		2	3			6	1	66		200	4	292	650	350	450	630
" Holy Trinity	87	6	50326	73000	46	4	67	570	80		313	89		1				3		52		698	4	9378	1090	270	277	547
BOWIE	45	4	4000	4600	4	1	20		34			60		1						2			2	60	42			
BROOKLYN, College and Church	97	18	53580	68200	25	2	31	456	61	104	394	276		3	3			8	3	65		695	3	420	8740			300
BUFFALO, CANISIUS COLLEGE	7	7	16148	39700		3	182	26			302	25		5	7				3	830	32		1	60	325			
" Canisius H. S. and Church	69	11	106429	90373	24	4	56	1015	56	1	486	190		7	9			3	10	247	67	666	11	2214	4000	153	151	364
" St. Ann's	202	38	64256	111752	60	7	107	1380	200	232	212	94		5				1	2	90	5	733	6	2722	2500	565	576	1200
CHAPLAINS—Blackwell's, Randall's and Ward's Islands, Long Island Hospital, Hospital, Woodhaven, N. Y.	444	183	36631	79180	2	8	3019	440	127	138	686	55		2			1	9	5	2323	350	18	2	250	565			450
CHAPTICO, MD.	139	5	26623	27985	29	2	53	115	143		380	80		3			1					178	4	756	1000			472
GEORGETOWN, COLLEGE	20	14	21206	76875	6		80	255	15	19	292	47	2	6	16		1	7	4	352		7	4	235	521			
" Holy Trinity	129	37	43080	62000	36	6	81		200		565	122		2	3			5		155	3	580	3	359	2000	312	344	125
JAMAICA MISSION	2705	328	97384	180555	139	24	994	1333	790	660	1692	565		10	6		10	8	12	717	176	1542	31	2035	5300	3563	3827	3100
JERSEY CITY, College and Church	180	18	65000	40000	48	18	70	280	300	340	500	40		20	2		1	3	2	480		410	5	1430	3000	400	380	
KEYSER ISLAND			2000	7500		2					10																	
LEONARDTOWN	58	7	24852	22500	24		48	192	221		299	153		1			3			69	113		9	706	578			390
MISSIONARIES		225	170000	500000		92		756	250	253	2530	1061	3	12			82		6									
NEW YORK, St. Francis Xavier's	197	80	118626	142200	131	3	314	106	164	22	669	111		12	11			4	6	494		1118	12	3977	4500	460	440	60
" " Fordham	12	5	41936	98690	9	1	46	64	4	1	943	128		65	34		1	1	10	53	14	100	10	742	1350			
" " St. Ignatius Loyola's	287	27	78031	298000	234	7	188	108	209	201	583	81	5	8	6			3	3	146	50	6025	11	1956	1980	610	590	150
" " Church of the Nativity	284	4	30000	34000	123	14	80	200	521	400	300	100					1	5	4	50		60	10	530	1100			600
" " Kohlmann Hall		2	5858	11160			4	10	3		300	118	6	15	*54		2		21	4		11						
" " "America"	3	3	4542	9410	2		1	65	2		185	28		2	16				8	16	2	60						
PHILADELPHIA, Gesù and College	228	68	192608	381260	90	26	467	642	167	2	784	237		16	5		2	8	4	1398	119	463	12	2394	5590	507	513	1020
" St. Joseph's Church	111	61	64536	40608	34	9	57	168	192		458	79		1	3			14		90		55	1	110	1700	150	180	140
POUGHKEEPSIE, ST. ANDREW'S	67	26	40965	53200	3	5	663	8	84	4	791	159	5	10	5	17	44	4	2	882	158	94						24
RIDGE	113	8	17500	19220	26		53	310	127		461	49			6		1			6		184	2	100	500	75	97	204
ST. THOMAS'	122	7	8716	11000	18	1	32	30	75			190					1				2				600			492
WASHINGTON, College and Church	248	30	78121	205031	83	7	188	210	180	2	621	47		5	7			7		128	1	458	5	1695	6220	424	504	151
WESTON	3		1700	400							20			1														
WOODSTOCK	22	3	35300	27432	7	5	25		9		3327	63	4	14	13	1			5	23	2	292	4	90	180			175
WORCESTER	24	2	45700	103160	7		20				193	244	1	22	4	7			7	2		120	2	460	750			
YONKERS			6130	23020			2	64			95	70	5	9	7		6		5	10		10						
SUMMA	6386	1311	1895262	3242542	1279	264	8775	9697	4534	3153	20326	4081	33	297	241	28	164	110	134	11299	1098	15439	183	38398	70831	7848	8329	11099

* Including Retreats to Laymen at Mt. Manresa.